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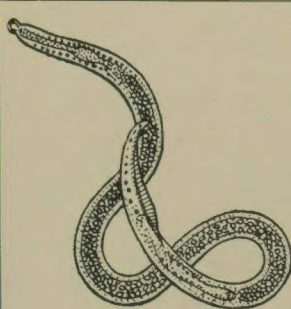


Not marked on the map

In the land of the granite *kopjes*, where the sand loam lies over the red and yellow clay, tobacco grows bright and green and beautiful to the planter's eye. *Hicks, Delcrest, Yellow Mammoth, Bonanza, Gold Dollar* . . . a silky-leaved harvest ripening under the African sun, richly fulfilling the promise of the soil survey map—and the hopes of the farmer.

Yet, until quite recent years, there were fields in the Mashonaland *bundu* where both hopes and tobacco died despite all assurances of perfect soil fertility and texture. The young growing plants sickened and wilted, with roots rotted away, leaves puny and prematurely yellow. 'This ground is *royiwa*', observed the boys sombrely. 'Here tobacco will never grow'. And the area was abandoned to wilderness and weed.

To-day, many of those fields are bearing rich and rewarding crops. For the unseen—and, for many years, unsuspected—microscopic soil pest which destroyed the crops *but which no map could mark*, has now not only been identified, but brought under economic and effective control. Root-knot nematodes had been known in Rhodesia for many years as a serious pest of tobacco and strict measures of control were continually exercised in order to ensure the production of clean, healthy seedlings from the seedbeds—the basis of a sound crop. Then in 1951-52 the presence of a non-gall-forming species of these voracious parasites was also established. However, both root-knot and root-rot nematodes were brought under control, and in each case Shell D-D Soil Fumigant proved to be the tobacco saviour. Infested lands treated with D-D average an extra 300 lbs. of leaf per acre—a net increase of nearly 50% in the yield and in the value of the crop, even after the cost of treatment is accounted for. *Which puts D-D, in terms of tobacco, well and truly on the map.*



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Five members of the McCrory family work in Consett, a steel town fifteen miles from Newcastle and a thousand feet up in the windy moors. Here you see two of them, John (left) and Tony going on shift.

Two thousand families make this a family business

By Trevor Philpott, *Sunday Times* reporter. Pictures by David Moore.

"Consett," the blast-furnaceman said over a pint in the Wheatsheaf, "is the 'plate-ends.' Further on there's nothing. Only the moors."

The stranger from the softer South is bound to be asking himself at first, "What makes people live here, fifteen steep miles from Newcastle, a thousand feet up on this windy hillside? What makes them stay? And if they leave, why do they nearly always come back?"

For that is what happens. Once a Consett man, they say, always a Consett man.

The town has grown up with steel. In 1840, when the sheep were still grazing over these hills, over the finest coking coal for hundreds of miles, Consett was a village of 195 souls. Now it has over seven thousand workers, and a production target of a million tons for 1958: steel plates four inches thick for atomic reactor shells, steel for the walls of supersonic wind tunnels, steel for railway wagons, boilers, bedplates, storage tanks; steel, above all, for the busy shipyards of the North-East coast.

Consett and its Iron Company have grown and prospered together. Grandfather, father, son and grandson, feel they have places there; so do uncles and cousins, daughters and daughters-in-law. It is a family business. And over two thousand families are in it.

The McCrory family is one of them. Tony, a sixteen-year-old boy labourer, stood on one of the steel plates and tried to remember how many relatives he had in the steelworks. "Do you mean all of

them? Well there's Dad, up the Blast. And my brothers, Hughie on the Bessemer, Herbert in the fitting shop, John driving a crane, not counting Jimmy who's called up now, but will soon be back in the New Mill. Then I've got cousins and brothers-in-law, uncles - well, there were sixteen in my family you know, not counting Dad and Mam."

"I'D BE LOST"

John Moss, shift manager in the melting shop, stood beside one of his open-hearth furnaces and said with quiet pride, "Ay. It's a good job I've got and everybody here knows I worked hard enough to get it: progressively labourer, fourth hand, third hand, second hand . . . all the way through. Nobody's envious, everybody knows me. I'd be lost if I had to leave Consett. Dad was a first-hand melter here. Old George Moss, my grandfather, used to work on the furnaces when they fed 'em with hand charges, twenty-five tons at a time pushed in through the front door. Now we've got 150-ton furnaces and electrically-controlled casting cars and we get 20,000 tons a week."

NOBODY LONELY

In the plate mill, Kenneth Hambleton was acting as assistant foreman. "My father worked the shears in this mill. And my grandfather worked here too. I've got six brothers and two sisters in the works, and Lord knows how many uncles and cousins."

"There's not a lonely person in Consett," said Hedley White, the shift foreman, "I've been lonely in the middle of London, but never here. In a big works like this, growing so fast, there's a job for every kind of chap. Some go away for experience and a few have itchy feet for a while, but they all



"Dad" McCrory is the senior member of a family of sixteen. He works in "Blast."



Hedley White, shift foreman, says, "I've been lonely in the middle of London, but never here."



John Moss is shift manager in the melting shop. Both his father and his grandfather worked for Consett.

seem to settle here eventually. On this shift I've got chaps who've been brought here by the local girls. The girls don't like going away either."

In the choirs, the sports teams, the dramatic groups, the young folks' and old folks' clubs that thrive in this isolated town, the people can play, as they work, amongst friends with whom the ties are generations strong. "And before you go," Hedley White went on, "take a look at some of the country around here . . . within a few minutes' walk of the works. We've got some jolly good cricketers and golfers amongst our lads - you'll see why."

The cricket ground, levelled out of the hillside and, still higher, the golf course, hung like two fantastic verandahs looking over one of the loveliest valleys in Britain. Beyond it, the hills are heaped faintly on the horizon all the way to the border.

Hidden on the other flank of the same hill are the tangled silhouettes of a steelworks, growing still, which provides this exposed working town with a security and warmth which many a spa and show-place will never have.

This personal report was invited by the British Iron & Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and the men who make it.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1958.



A ROYAL SIGNATURE IN A BOOK OF ROYAL DIMENSIONS : PRINCESS MARGARET, DURING HER RECENT MONTH-LONG TOUR OF CANADA, SIGNING A GIANT BOOK IN A FAIRYLAND SETTING IN LAFONTAINE PARK, IN MONTREAL.

On August 5, just a week before her return to this country, Princess Margaret arrived in Montreal at the start of a 22-hour visit which ended at noon next day following a rally of 25,000 children in Lafontaine Park. The Princess received bouquets from the children seated on a throne, designed to resemble a daisy, which was set on a "fairyland" stage adorned with Cinderella's pumpkin and a giant book which she signed. From Quebec the Princess went on to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where her tour ended with a full week-end of travel by air, road and rail. The Princess said farewell

to Canada in a nation-wide television and radio broadcast, in which she said that Canada had made her feel that she had a second home there and that on her last evening she felt "rather as Cinderella must have felt as the first terrible note of midnight struck." After attending a farewell dinner given by the Government of Nova Scotia, Princess Margaret left for England in a B.O.A.C. Britannia airliner and arrived at London Airport at noon on August 12. She was welcomed home, in a downpour of rain, by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and members of the Government.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE voyage of the *Nautilus* is one of the achievements that make human history. I am not sure that it may not prove one that will be seen, in retrospect, to have changed the face of the world or, perhaps, it would be truer to say, to have preserved it. For the supreme question before mankind at the moment is whether Christian civilisation and the belief in liberty and in the sanctity of the individual that have grown out of it will survive the relapse to barbarism and Oriental tyranny that, after two titanic and destructive European wars, is now threatening to engulf the high hopes and expectations of human progress of the opening years of the century. We are either on the threshold of a new dark age—one from which mankind will, no doubt, ultimately emerge as it has emerged before, but only after a very long period of perhaps a thousand or two thousand years—or the peaceful progress of the West will be resumed as the post-war trough into which it has fallen recedes. Whether it does so or not largely depends on whether the West possesses the wherewithal to defend itself against the numerically superior but unfree and morally inferior societies controlled by the Marxist dictatorships of the East until the power of the latter begins to decline—as all dictatorships eventually decline—and the superior and more humane ethic of the Christian West regains the ascendancy. For though it is now the fashion in this country to decry our own civilisation and to attribute higher virtues to the culture and polity of what the poet Kipling rudely called “lesser breeds without the Law,” the proof of any pudding still resides in the eating. And for all our own glaring short-comings—and one has only to walk through the thoroughfares or public parks of our capital to see how glaring they are—we do not murder and mutilate our statesmen in the streets or incarcerate them in torture cells or shoot or hang them without trial, as they do on the far side of the Iron Curtain or of that other mock-curtain of bloodstained muslin and sand which the street-arab dictator of Cairo is so busy furling around the lands which Britain liberated in the First World War and defended against Hitler and Mussolini in the Second. Nor do we suffer millions to be deported or imprisoned or starved or massacred—as has happened in Marxist Russia and China and even, on a small scale and subject to many humane and libertarian reservations, since the withdrawal of British rule in the Indian peninsula—for what are called ideological reasons but which, in reality, are merely the brutal instincts of cruelty and callousness which reside in the human heart when not disciplined and ennobled by the teaching which we in the West have derived, even when we fail to acknowledge it, from the life of Jesus of Nazareth

and the ancient Hebraic faith on which He founded His gospel. Everything in this world is a matter of comparison, and usually, human nature being what it is, pretty shabby comparison. But it is as well to preserve a sense of proportion.

If I am right in my thesis that the continuance of what we call civilisation and the humanitarian ideal depends on the survival of our own polity and that of the Western and Commonwealth nations who share our beliefs—and I am far from ruling out the possibility of their acceptance and even superior development in non-Western lands if only we can ourselves maintain them—it follows that whatever helps to give the West a shield against invasion or subversion from without is a gain for mankind's future. Even the horrible and suicidal atomic weapon can be that if its possession

practice done compared with such enforced exercises of totalitarian belief as, say, the Nazi extermination of the Jews or the Marxist and Russian “liquidation” of the bourgeoisie, the Kulaks and the various subject nationalities whose existence threatened or appeared to threaten the expansion or security of the new Russian State. And how much of the better hopes of the newly-awoken nations of the East to-day derive from that very “capitalism” and “colonialism”? Self-government, universal suffrage, freedom of Press and debate, the emancipation of women, the subjection of the military sword to the civic arm, are not Oriental notions. They derive from the trading West.

In his great books *Britain and the British Seas*, and *Democratic Ideals and Reality*, written at the beginning of the century, Sir Halford Mackinder put forward the theory that the modern history of mankind has been in large part the story of how the sea-going peoples of the western islands and peninsulas of the world's central land-space—“the heart-land” as he called it—preserved by their command and use of the sea the conceptions of freedom in which, in contradistinction to the dragooned hordes of the vast Continental interiors, they believed. From Salamis to the Nile and Trafalgar and, one might add, to the Battle of Britain, the tale has been the same; the survival of liberty has depended on the liberty-loving peoples' mastery of the seas. It is in this connection that the voyage of the *Nautilus* under the

COMMANDER ANDERSON RETURNS TO NAUTILUS.



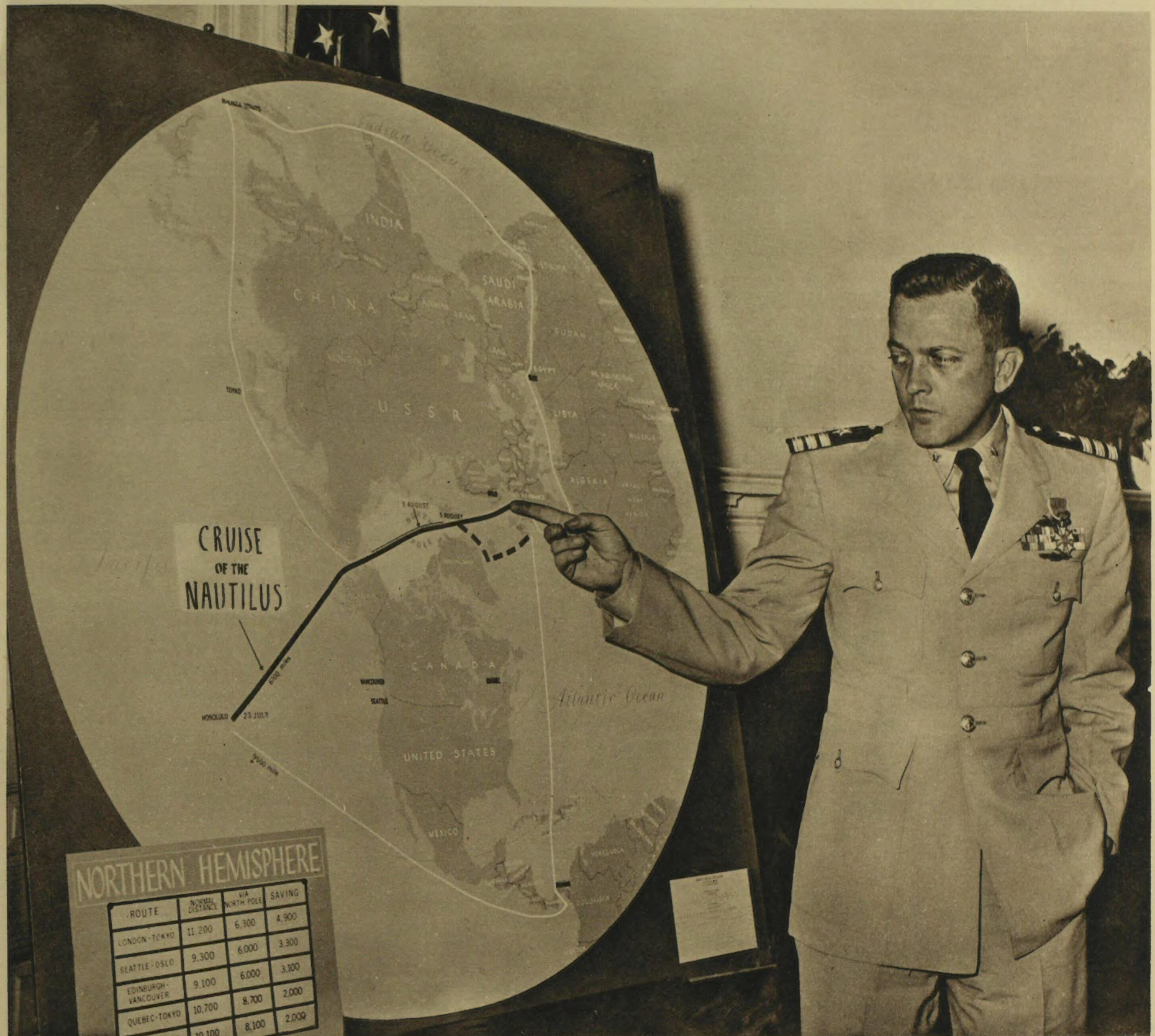
REJOINING HIS SHIP BEFORE SHE SAILED INTO PORTLAND HARBOUR ON AUGUST 12: COMMANDER ANDERSON BEING LOWERED ON BOARD NAUTILUS FROM A NAVAL HELICOPTER.

On August 8, two and a half days after his ship had emerged from under the Arctic ice-cap during her historic trans-Polar voyage, Commander Anderson, Captain of the United States nuclear-powered submarine *Nautilus*, was taken off his ship by helicopter, which took him to Iceland, whence he flew to Washington, to receive the Legion of Merit from President Eisenhower. Meanwhile, *Nautilus* continued her voyage to Europe, and on August 12 Commander Anderson rejoined his ship at the Shambles lightship, having been taken out by a naval helicopter, so that he could be on board *Nautilus* when she sailed into Portland Harbour to receive a tremendous welcome at the end of her momentous voyage.

acts as a deterrent against aggression and so prevents the outbreak of war and of all that war, even without atomic weapons, now involves. Yet history suggests that, while the development of weapons for land warfare has increased the sum total of human slaughter and suffering, the development of new weapons and a superior technique for sea warfare has not, by and large, had this effect, except perhaps on the sea itself. With the exception of the atrocious eighteenth-century slave trade—and even this was merely an extension across the ocean of a practice universal in Africa—the mastery of the sea throughout the Christian era has proved beneficial to mankind. And this is because the nations that have commanded the sea have, on the whole, been the principal repositories of the allied concepts of Christianity and liberty and have used their sea-power not to enslave others, but to protect themselves and expand the processes of the free interchange of goods and services which we call commerce. I know that many harsh things have been said, and are still said, about European “capitalism” and “colonialism,” many of them, no doubt, deserved. But how comparatively little hardship, and how much indirect good, these concepts have in

Polar cap is, or may be, of such immense significance for the future of mankind. For it is across the Polar cap that the supreme menace looms to what is now the stronghold of the sea-going peoples of the Western capes and isles—the great near-island of North America. And Admiral Rickover's creation, the atomic submarine, with its capacity for travelling under sea and ice for immense distances and periods, has countered that threat by a counter-threat to the very heart of the tyrant's power. From the Barents Sea to the Bering Strait the whole north coastline of Asia, hitherto secure behind its barrier of ice, is now within potential reach of the seaman's sword. That sword will never be used for purposes of future conquest, any more than its counterpart, the sword of the Royal Navy, in the past, was used for purposes of conquest. But, like the Royal Navy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—and, for that matter, in the twentieth century, too—it will be used, if those who rule America and Britain have the wisdom and constancy to realise and apply it, as a shield and buckler for freedom and the free. It will help to preserve peace and give time for civilisation and the belief in liberty to triumph without war.

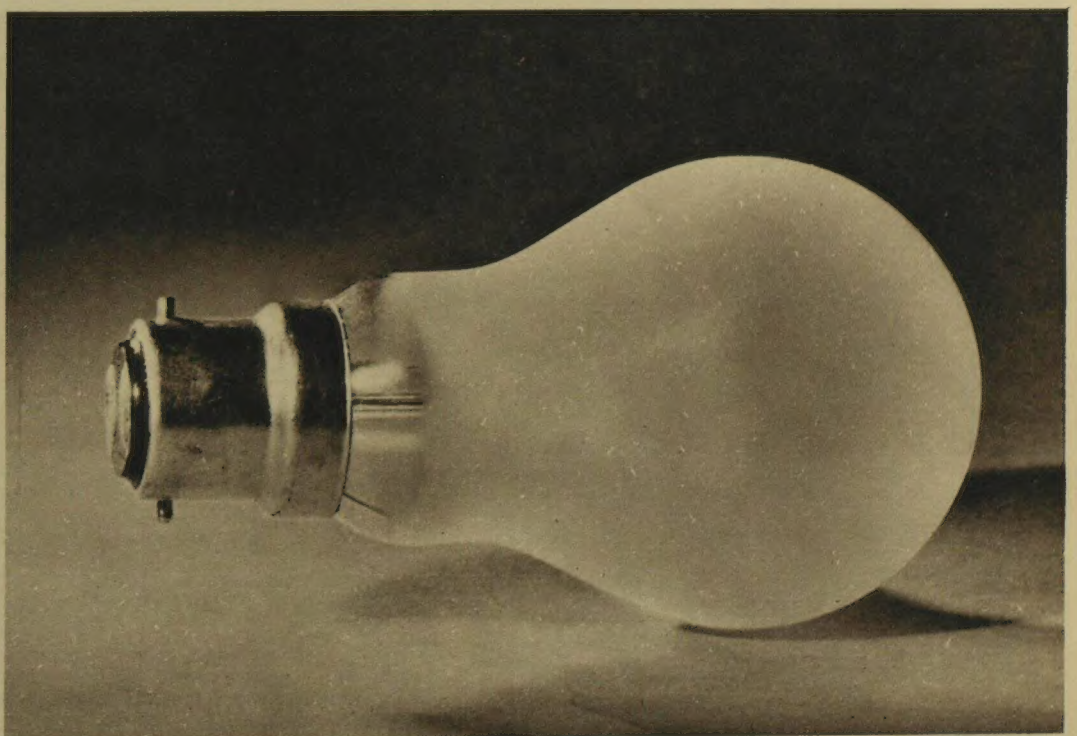
FROM HONOLULU TO EUROPE ON A "LIGHT BULB" OF FUEL: NAUTILUS' VOYAGE.



AT A PRESS CONFERENCE IN WASHINGTON SOON AFTER THE TRANSPOLAR VOYAGE: COMMANDER W. R. ANDERSON, CAPTAIN OF U.S.S. NAUTILUS, EXPLAINING THE SUBMARINE'S ROUTE. THE FIGURES ON THE LEFT OF THE MAP ILLUSTRATE SOME OF THE GREAT SAVINGS IN SAILING DISTANCE MADE POSSIBLE BY TRANSPOLAR VOYAGES.

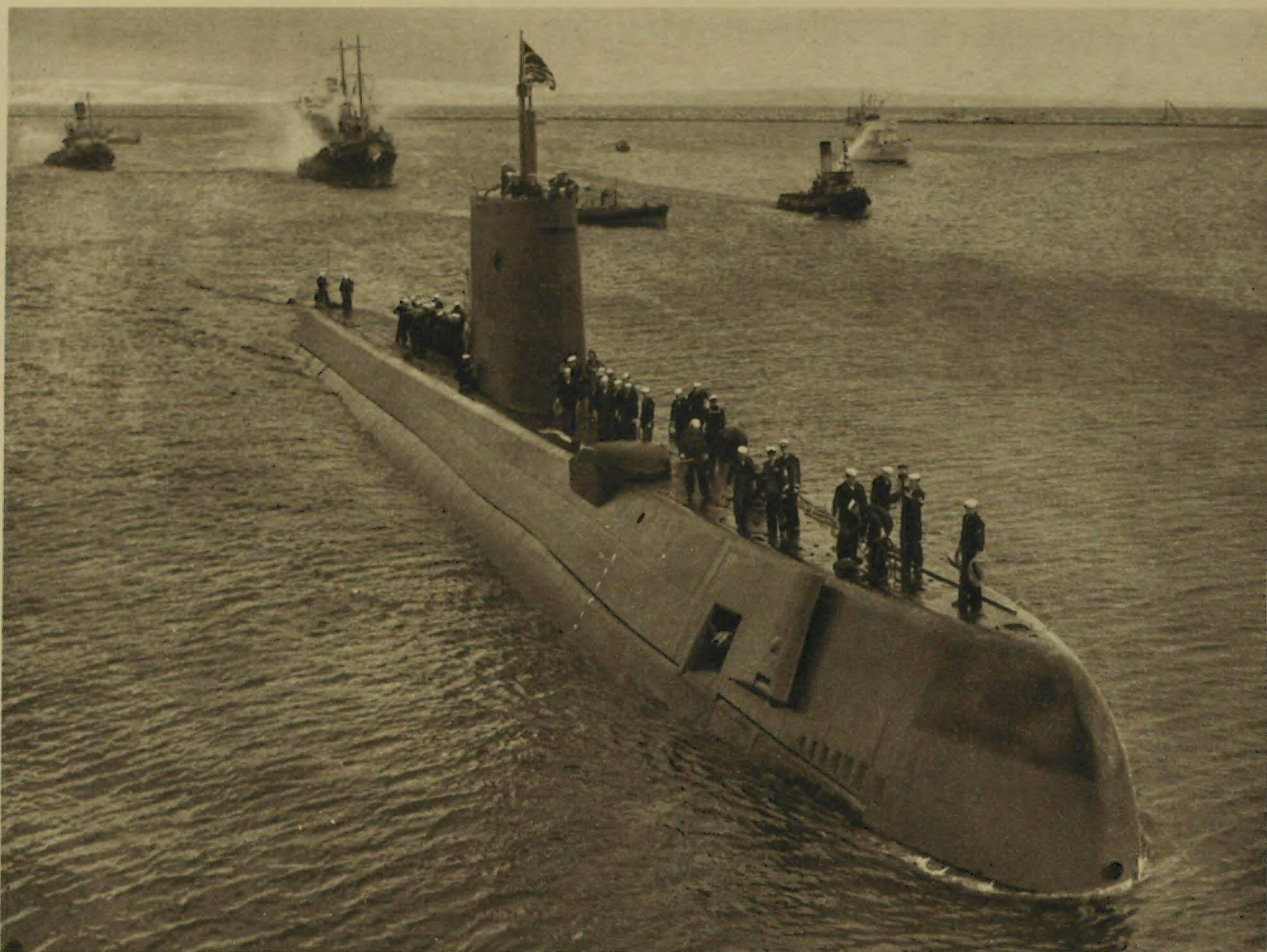
ON her historic transpolar voyage from Honolulu to Portland Harbour, Dorset, the United States nuclear-powered submarine *Nautilus* covered a total distance of 8146 miles at an average speed of 17 knots. For 1830 miles of this distance *Nautilus* was travelling under the Arctic ice-pack, taking ninety-six hours to do so. The total consumption of the concentrated core of nuclear fuel during this momentous voyage was approximately equal in volume to an ordinary 60-watt electric light bulb. The nuclear power plant performed perfectly during the voyage—in fact, it operated more efficiently in the cold water. When she arrived in Europe *Nautilus* had covered a grand total of 129,000 miles on nuclear power—62,560 miles on the first charge of nuclear fuel (a diesel-powered submarine would have needed 3,000,000 gallons of fuel to cover this distance) and over 66,000 miles on the second charge which was still in use. 72 per cent. of this distance *Nautilus* steamed submerged. In the past, the power plant has operated continuously for as long as 47½ days. During her transpolar voyage *Nautilus* obtained a continuous record of water depth and ice thickness, and acquired much entirely new information. A closed television network provided a constant survey of the sea and ice above. Usually the ice was thin enough to let through a considerable quantity of light, but when the ice was at its thickest there was complete darkness underneath. A further noteworthy feature of this voyage is that the average age of *Nautilus*' 116-strong crew is only 25.

(Right.)
APPROXIMATELY EQUAL IN VOLUME TO THE CONCENTRATED NUCLEAR CORE USED TO POWER NAUTILUS FOR HER 8146-MILE TRANSPOLAR VOYAGE:
A 60-WATT ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB—4½ INS. LONG.



NAUTILUS' EPIC VOYAGE: ABOARD UNDER THE ICE, HER RECEPTION AT PORTLAND, AND THE PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION.

SINCE being taken over by the United States Navy in 1955 the nuclear-powered submarine *Nautilus* has set up numerous records in the history of the submarine, but these achievements have chiefly been of interest to the expert. Now, by her historic transpolar voyage, *Nautilus* has made her name into a household word throughout the world and has aroused great public interest in the vast potentialities of nuclear-powered submarine travel. Though many of the details of the working and capabilities of *Nautilus* remain on the secret list it is clear that this vessel is an outstanding example of modern design and mechanical achievement. During the transpolar voyage there were 116 men on board *Nautilus*, and an important feature of the vessel is the high standard of comfort provided for the officers and crew. Compared with other submarines accommodation on *Nautilus* is very roomy. The temperature inside *Nautilus* during the entire trip was 72 degs. F.



ESCORTED BY FIRE-FLOATS PLAYING THEIR HOSES IN THE AIR: U.S.S. NAUTILUS STEAMING INTO PORTLAND HARBOUR, DORSET, DURING THE AFTERNOON OF AUGUST 12. SHE SAILED FOR HOME SIX DAYS LATER, ON AUGUST 18.



BEFORE THE TRANSPOLAR VOYAGE: FOUR MEMBERS OF NAUTILUS' CREW PLAYING CARDS DURING A TEST OF THEIR EMERGENCY BREATHING APPARATUS.



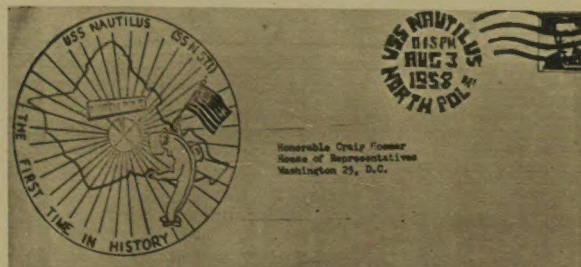
WHILE NAUTILUS WAS SPEEDING UNDER THE ICE: A COMMISSARYMAN PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO SOME NEWLY-BAKED LOAVES.



FLYING FROM THE CONNING-TOWER OF NAUTILUS: A FLAG COMMEMORATING THE POLAR VOYAGE. A CONTEST WAS HELD ON BOARD TO OBTAIN A SUITABLE DESIGN.



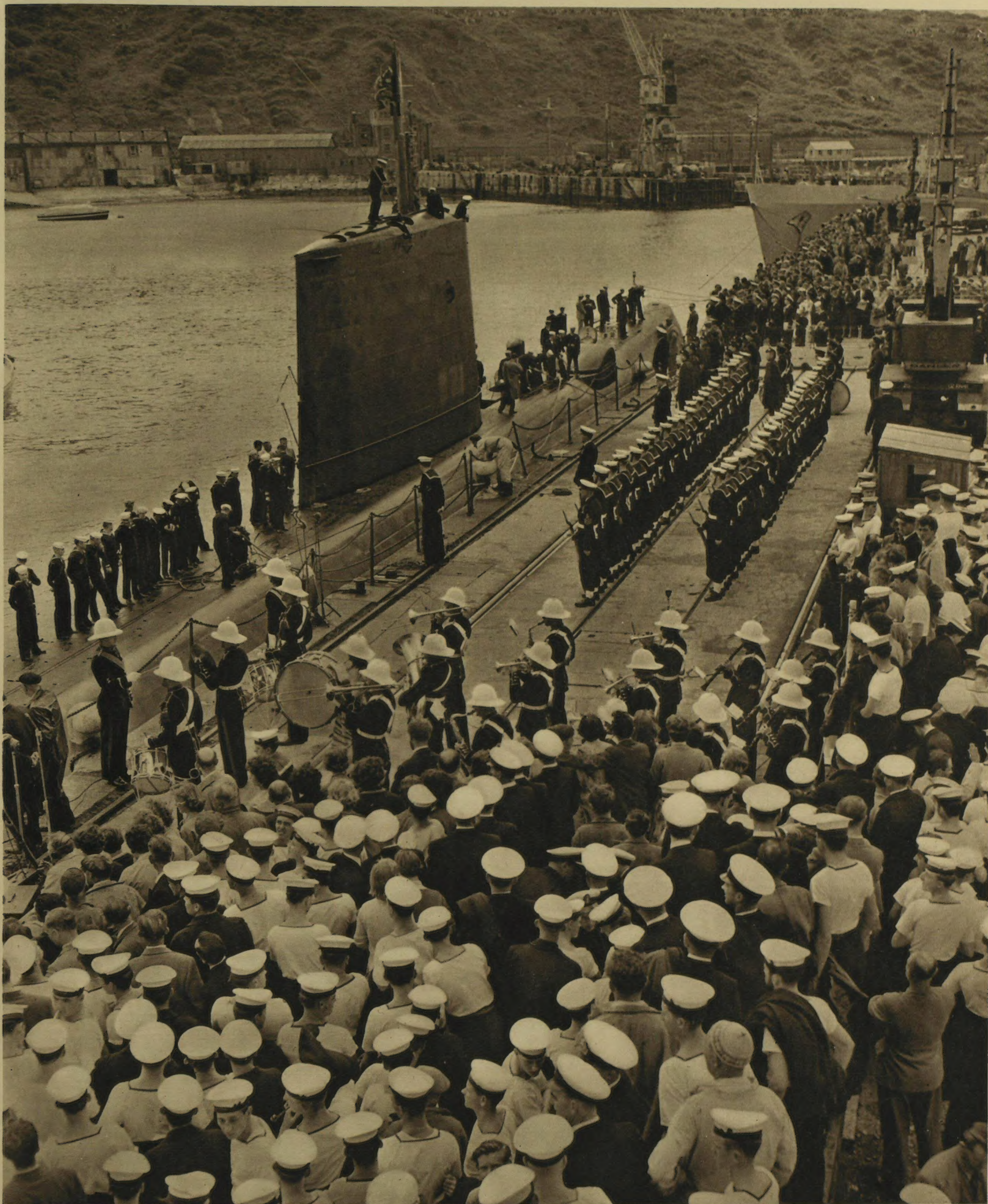
BLUE, GOLD AND SCARLET WITH A GOLD "N" DISTINGUISHING DEVICE: THE PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION RIBBON. ABOVE IS THE INSIGNIA WORN BY THE OFFICERS OF U.S. SUBMARINES.



A PHILATELIC RARITY: A LETTER—ADDRESSED TO THE HONORABLE CRAIG HOSMER, A MEMBER OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON ATOMIC ENERGY—PROCESSED AS NAUTILUS PASSED UNDER THE NORTH POLE AT 11.15 P.M. E.D.S.T. ON AUGUST 3.



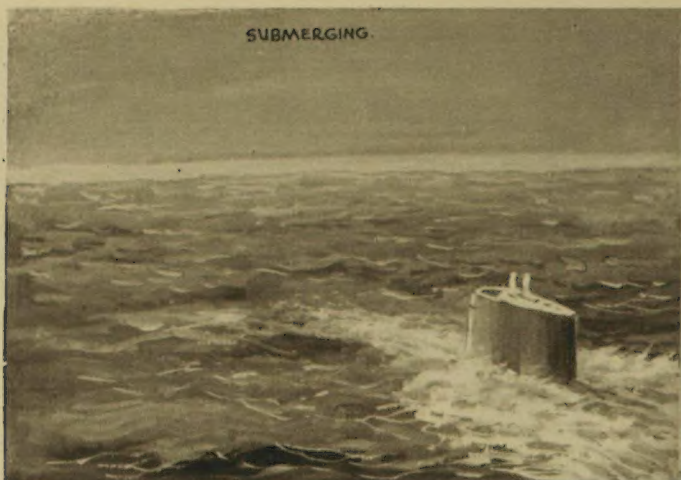
AT PORTLAND: THE U.S. AMBASSADOR, MR. JOHN HAY WITNEY, FORMALLY DECORATING CHIEF TORPEDOMAN LYNUS J. LARCH WITH THE PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION RIBBON



A WARM WELCOME TO BRITAIN AT THE END OF HER HISTORIC TRANSPOLAR VOYAGE: U.S.S. NAUTILUS ALONGSIDE THE COALING PIER AT PORTLAND HARBOUR DURING HER OFFICIAL RECEPTION ON AUGUST 12.

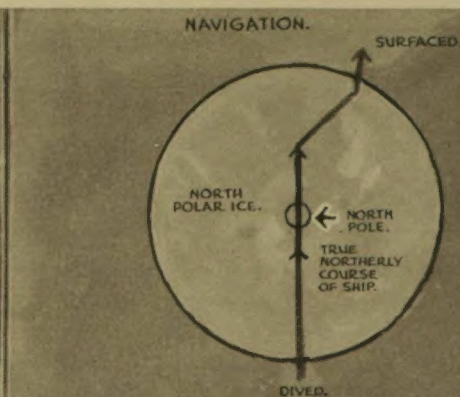
During the afternoon of August 12 the United States nuclear-powered submarine *Nautilus* came to the end of her historic transpolar voyage when she sailed into Portland Harbour, Dorset. Hundreds of dockyard workers and thousands of holidaymakers gave the submarine a warm welcome as she came alongside the coaling pier for the official reception ceremony. The American Ambassador, Mr. John Hay Whitney, was there to hand to the submarine the Presidential Unit Citation. Addressing the ship's company he said: "It is clearly appropriate that, after this voyage, you should first make port in Britain, the island home

of such legendary Polar explorers as Scott, Shackleton, Sir Hubert Wilkins, and, most recently, Sir Vivian Fuchs. This tradition is our common heritage. And now, in this one year, our two nations have girded the earth with the two greatest Polar achievements of all time: Sir Vivian's overland transit of the Southern ice-cap, and your creation of a new North-West Passage beneath the ice of the North Pole." Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Defence, sent a letter of congratulation, and the Earl of Selkirk, First Lord of the Admiralty, was among those who attended the ceremony.



SUBMERGING.

HAVING LEFT HONOLULU ON JULY 23, NAUTILUS STEAMED TO THE CHUKCHEE SEA AND SUBMERGED AT 8.37 A.M. E.D.S.T. ON AUGUST 1—WHEN ONLY TWO MILES FROM THE ICE-PACK.

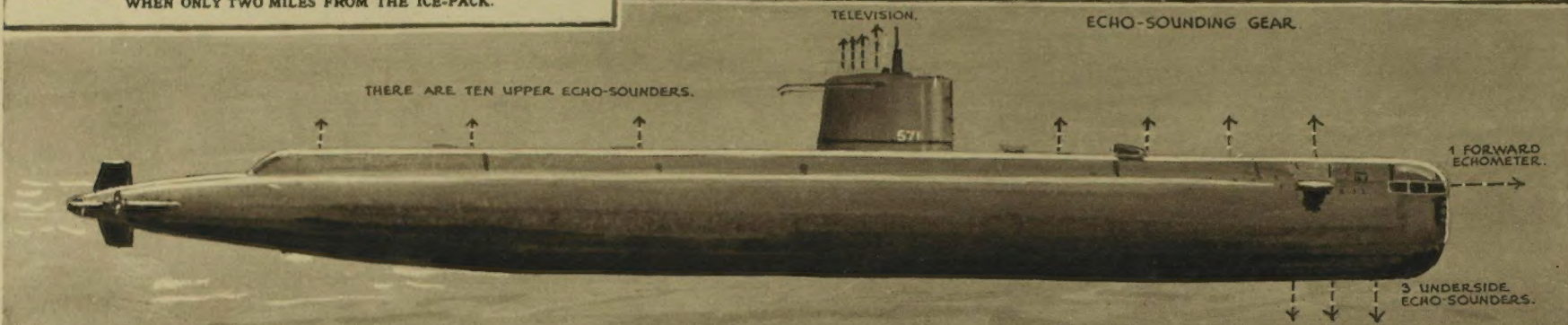


DURING HER EPIC VOYAGE NAUTILUS WAS NAVIGATED BY GYRO COMPASS, AIDED BY THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE DISTANCE TRAVELLED SUPPLIED BY THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC LOG. INERTIAL NAVIGATION WAS ALSO USED.



THE ECHO-SOUNDING AND TELEVISION APERTURES ON THE CONNING TOWER.

ON TOP OF THE LOFTY CONNING-TOWER ARE THE BRIDGE, PERISCOPES AND APERTURES FOR THE TELEVISION GEAR, AND ECHO-SOUNDERS FOR MEASURING THE THICKNESS OF THE ICE.



THERE ARE TEN UPPER ECHO-SOUNDERS.

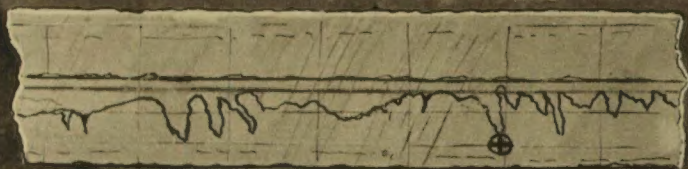
ECHO-SOUNDING GEAR.

1 FORWARD ECHOMETER.

3 UNDERSIDE ECHO-SOUNDERS.

TO OBTAIN A CONTINUOUS RECORD OF THE WATER DEPTH AND ICE THICKNESS TEN UPPER AND THREE UNDERSIDE ECHO-SOUNDERS WERE USED, AND OVER 11,000 SOUNDINGS WERE TAKEN OF THIS RELATIVELY UNCHARTED AREA. THERE WAS ALSO AN ECHOMETER WORKING FROM THE BOWS OF THE SHIP TO GIVE WARNING OF ANY OBSTRUCTION ON HER COURSE.

A SMALL PORTION OF THE SOUNDING "TRACE"



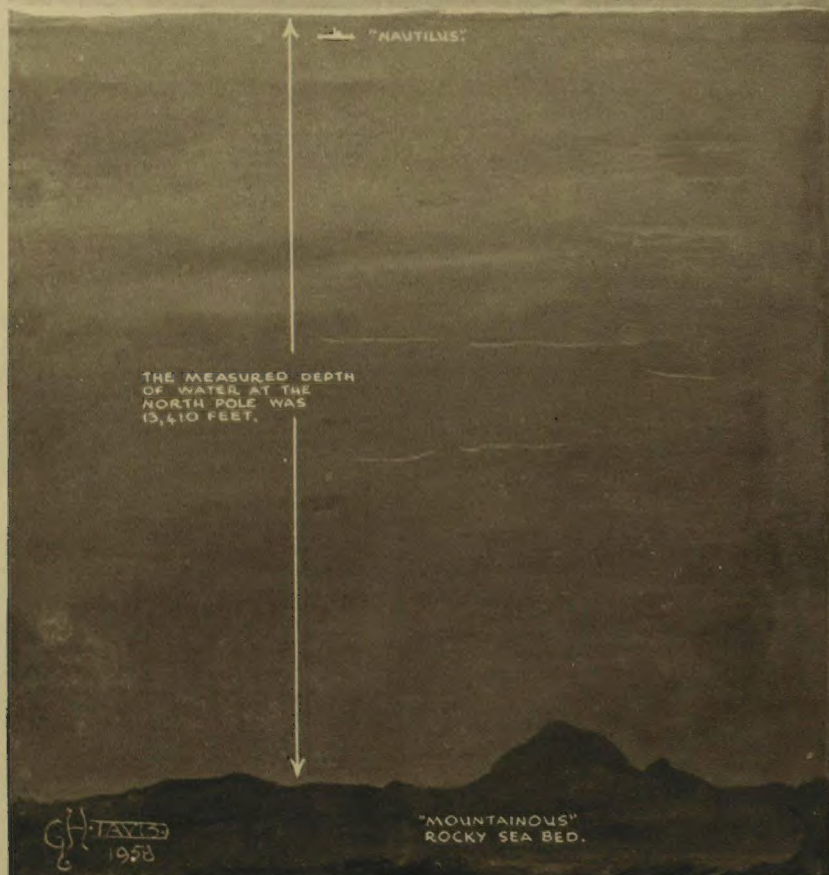
SHOWING THE CONTOURS OF THE ICE ABOVE: A SMALL PORTION OF THE "TRACE" RECORDING THE SIGNALS OF THE ECHO-SOUNDERS. MILES OF "TRACE" WERE USED UP DURING THE VOYAGE.

ICE THICKNESS AND UNDULATIONS.
(THE THICKNESS VARIED BETWEEN 6 FT. AND 70 FT.)

SHOWING THE ACTUAL CONTOUR OF THE ICE AT THE POINT MARKED "X" ON THE "TRACE" (LEFT): A REDRAWING OF ONE OF THE "TRACE" CONTOURS. THESE ARE CONSIDERABLY COMPRESSED OWING TO THE SPEED AT WHICH THE SHIP TRAVELS.

DEPTHS.

SURFACE OF ICE.



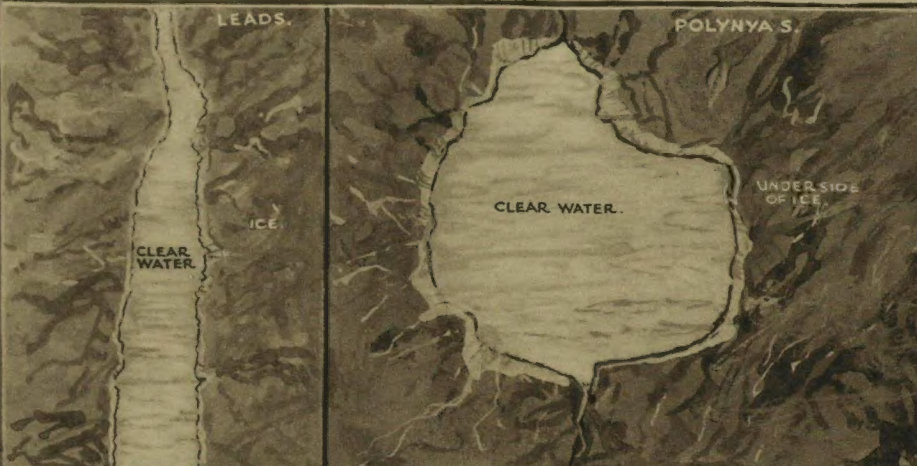
THE MEASURED DEPTH OF WATER AT THE NORTH POLE WAS 13,410 FEET.

"MOUNTAINOUS" ROCKY SEA BED.

THIS DRAWING SHOWS THAT NAUTILUS HAD PLENTY OF ROOM UNDER THE WATER WHEN SHE PASSED UNDER THE NORTH POLE AT 11.15 P.M. ON AUGUST 3. THE DEPTH OF WATER FROM ICE TO SEABED WAS 13,410 FT. THE SEABED WAS FOUND TO BE VERY "MOUNTAINOUS," ONE RIDGE COMING TO WITHIN 2500 FT. OF THE SURFACE.

LEADS.

POLYNYAS.



TELEVISION SHOWED LENGTHY "LEADS" OF CLEAR WATER IN THE ICEPACK.

CAUSED BY THE CONSTANT MOVEMENTS OF THE ICE: "POLYNYAS"—OPEN WATER LAKES—WHICH WERE RECORDED AND MEASURED. THE WATER TEMPERATURE IN THE NORTH POLE AREA WAS APPROXIMATELY 32 DEGS. F.

SURFACING.



STILL SURROUNDED BY SCATTERED ICE FLOES BUT WITH THE ICE-PACK SOME 15 TO 20 MILES ASTERN: NAUTILUS SURFACING ON GREENWICH MERIDIAN AT 79 DEGS. NORTH, AT 9.54 A.M. ON AUGUST 5.

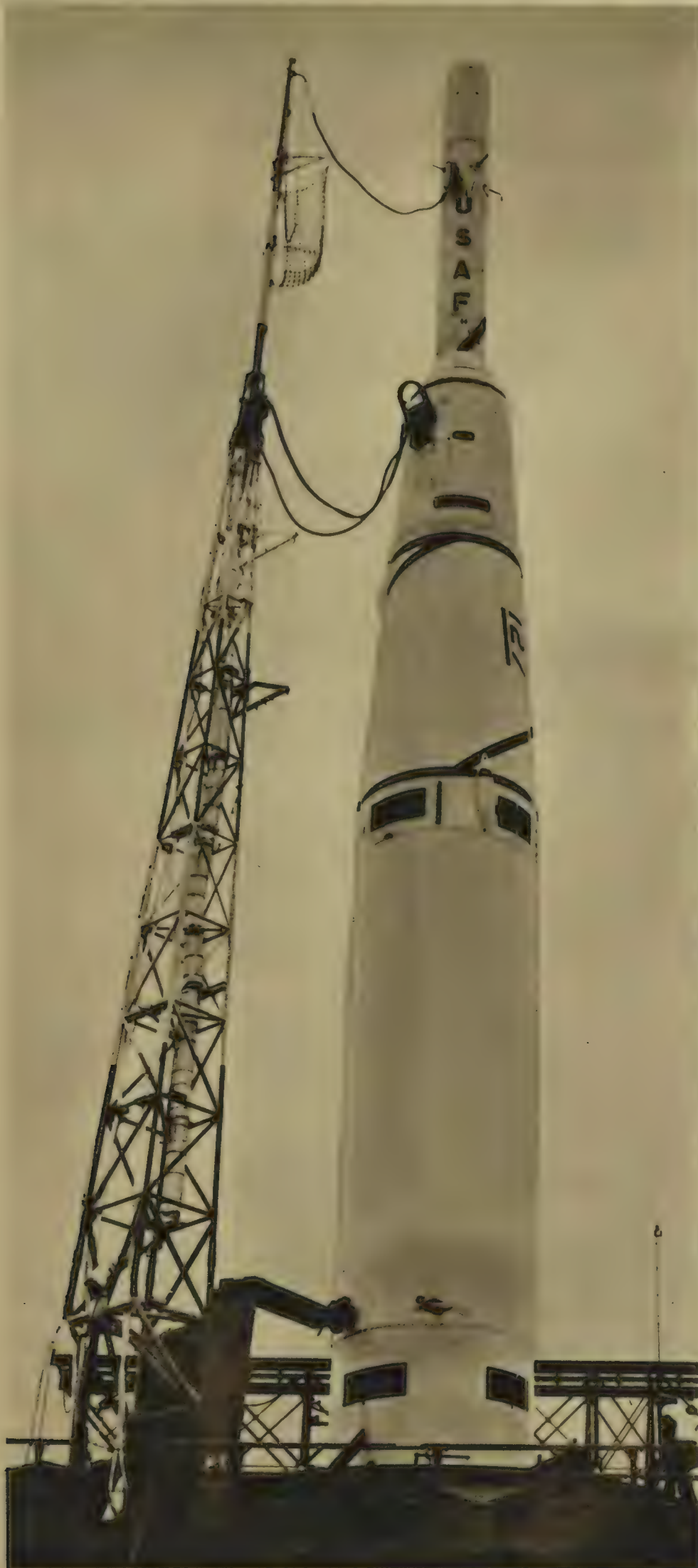
MAKING HISTORY IN THE ARCTIC: DETAILS OF NAUTILUS' VOYAGE AND OBSERVATIONS UNDER THE ICEPACK.

On the first transpolar voyage by a ship in history, U.S.S. *Nautilus* sailed the 8146 miles from Honolulu to Portland, Dorset, in nineteen days at an average speed of 17 knots. For 1830 of these miles *Nautilus* travelled under the Arctic icepack, taking ninety-six hours to do so. She is, in fact, faster and more comfortable to travel in when under water. Equipped with four compasses of various types, *Nautilus* also has automatic control gear for holding her exactly on course and depth. She is the first combatant ship with an inertial navigation system. Such a system works as well at the North Pole as anywhere else, unlike an ordinary gyro compass. As there is practically no current

in Arctic waters, navigation under the North Pole was greatly simplified. In addition to the problems of making the transpolar voyage the officers and crew of *Nautilus* did much work in recording the details of the seabed below them and the ice above—using the various sound-recording equipments on board. Polar ice was found to be 12 ft. thick on the average, although some ridges extend down 50 ft. and even further. The contours of the ice were recorded on "traces." As the result of the constant movement of the ice there are numerous stretches of open water, known as "polynyas." The times given on this drawing are E.D.S.T. (Eastern Daylight Standard Time).

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.M.A., from sketches made during a visit on board "Nautilus."

AT CAPE CANAVERAL: THE FAILURE OF AMERICA'S FIRST LUNAR PROBE.



AT CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA, BEFORE ITS ILL-FATED JOURNEY: THE HUGE THREE-STAGE U.S. AIR FORCE ROCKET, ABLE I, WHICH STOOD 88 FT. HIGH.

The launching of the space test vehicle *Able I* at Cape Canaveral on August 17, believed to be the first attempt to send a missile to the moon, ended in failure when the first stage rocket blew up at a height of about 50,000 ft. after only 77 seconds of flight. Mr. McElroy, the U.S. Defence Secretary, said afterwards that the United States had publicised the launching previously, although there was only a small chance of success, believing that both successes and failures should be reported—in contrast with other areas of the world, where only successes were revealed. The launching of the space vehicle, an operation known as a lunar probe, since there was no intention of hitting the moon,



THE LAUNCHING: THE GIANT SPACE TEST VEHICLE RISES FROM THE EARTH WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR AND AMID CLOUDS OF SMOKE.



AFTER 77 SECONDS OF FLIGHT: THE FIRST STAGE ROCKET EXPLODES AFTER FALLING AWAY WHILE THE SECOND AND THIRD STAGES CONTINUE THEIR ASCENT.

took place at 1.18 British time. The first stage, a modified *Thor* intermediate-range ballistic missile, said to weigh more than 50 tons, should have burned for about 157 seconds, but fell away too soon, exploding shortly after. The other two stages, carrying a package of special instruments, continued on course after the explosion, later falling into the sea about 10 miles from Cape Canaveral. The cause of the failure could not be determined for certain until telemetry data had been processed. In England, the radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank had been in position to receive signals from the missile. Another U.S. lunar probe will probably be attempted during September.

THOSE who still consider a conference "at the summit" to be a panacea for all international ills should study the two which have taken place this month. They were very small, but they were genuine "little summit" conferences. They were not conferences between the chief Ministers of States separated from one another by a wide and deep ideological ravine, armed against each other with the most fearful weapons ever devised. On the contrary, Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Karamanlis, and Mr. Menderes are the Prime Ministers of nations all forming part of a great defensive alliance, one which neither the Greek nor the Turk, great though their differences are, has talked of abandoning. The issue was important, but simple by comparison with others for which such meetings have been, or are being, demanded. It was the future of an island.

The attempt made by the Prime Minister to improve the situation may well turn out to have gained a measure of success. If so, however, it will be because Mr. Macmillan sought simply to bring about a pause in the killing, in the hope that a period of peace would prevent a recurrence. This definition of his effort in no way implies that it was misdirected. Indeed, I feel certain that he was right. He was right not to go to the heart of the matter, right to seek no cure for the malady. None was possible. There is no magic in a summit conference. The men at the top are no more willing to yield a point which may in the slightest degree affect their cause or policy than those a few steps down the ladder. In some cases they are stiffer.

Mr. Macmillan showed himself bold and imaginative in doing what he did and in his manner of doing it. He could fairly say afterwards that he was not disappointed, just because he had kept his sights low. And while both the Greek and the Turkish Governments are expected to co-operate in bringing about a truce more complete and lasting longer than that in force before Mr. Macmillan set out, there is no guarantee that they would be prepared to back one of seven years' duration. They would expect something tangible much sooner. In any case, though Turkey is so far in a position to make and keep her side of a truce because the Turkish-Cypriot campaign is admittedly directed from Ankara and Istanbul, Greece is not.

One or two people reproached me for what they described as my pessimism about the last British plan for the future of Cyprus. Now that it is either dead or stowed away in a deep-freeze, I can assure them that I did not go as far against it in my criticism as I felt. I disliked it most of all because I saw in it the seeds of partition, which I look upon as a noxious weed. Partition implies that the Turkish-Cypriot minority has a better right to decide what the future of the island is to be than the Greek-Cypriot majority. It is a purely Turkish solution. The only justification I see for it is that of power politics. In words I have heard used: "Turkey has the bigger army."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. REFLECTIONS ON MR. MACMILLAN'S TOUR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

If some elements of the British plan are to be brought out, it would be unjust that this side should predominate, and of course hopeless from the point of view of co-operation from Greece or that of any enduring truce on the part of Eoka. Yet this feature is the plan's sole attraction for Turkey and the Turkish Cypriots. The only reason why they regard the plan without the dislike and dismay which it has encountered in Greece and with Greek Cypriots is that the former aim at partition as the minimum objective. A first step on that path would

security forces cannot renounce their functions. When there is killing they must seek out the killers. Yet if they judge that this can be done only as part of a large-scale operation, they run the risk that one side or the other may retort by bringing the truce to an end.

This is an unpleasant and humiliating predicament. It shows how precarious the situation is, how brief the respite gained by the Prime Minister's intervention is likely to be. He appears to think that a lull may cause the contestants to see the abyss before their feet and shrink from it. Such is not the temper of the Levant, which is not possessed by the English passion for compromise. Mr. Macmillan may be right, but I fear the odds are heavily against him in the long run, even if his chances of stemming the flood of violence for a time are fairly good. This would be welcome

in itself; the question remains whether the respite can be employed to put forward adequate proposals for a more distant future.

I see no likelihood of any acceptable to both sides. The Greek Government is going ahead with a new appeal to the United Nations, with the proviso that, should substantial progress towards a solution of the problem be made before it comes up, the appeal can be withdrawn. It is virtually compelled to take this step because it would be driven out of office if it failed to support the cause to which all political parties in the country are equally committed as well as the only one which unites public opinion from right to left. At the moment, however, there is little reason to suppose that the appeal would meet with a response any clearer or more helpful than the earlier ones.

On previous occasions, I have striven to outline programmes which I thought might have some prospect of success, but they were based on a principle which seems to have gone out of fashion where Cyprus is concerned. They represented my conception of justice. The present conception is one of expediency. Because Turkey has a bigger population and therefore more soldiers than Greece and larger military subsidies from the United States, because she is a valued member of the Baghdad Pact, she becomes, on the initiative of Britain and, it seems, with the approval of the United States, entitled to a privileged position. Her claims to decide upon the future of Cyprus, though renounced by treaty, are accorded increasing attention.

Now the stage has been reached when the supposedly expedient has led to complete deadlock. Turkey, her head turned by the unexpected deference paid to her views, has even suggested that she should send over troops to keep order in Cyprus, an affront which did not appear to be resented. The opposing points of view are irreconcilable at present. Every year wasted has made the task harder. Sometimes the ceaseless action of the waves of international forces and developments help over a long period to smooth the roughest rocks. This may happen here, but it is a process on which we have no right to count. The present is a gloomy picture of failure.



AFTER FLYING TO ATHENS, ANKARA AND CYPRUS: MR. MACMILLAN ARRIVING BACK IN LONDON EARLY ON AUGUST 12.

Mr. Macmillan arrived at London Airport early on August 12 following the unexpected visit to Cyprus which he made after his discussions on the Cyprus situation with the Greek and Turkish Prime Ministers in Athens and Ankara. On August 15 the British Government announced its new seven-year partnership plan for Cyprus, which was quickly rejected by Archbishop Makarios. At the time of writing there had been no official comment on the plan from the Greek or Turkish Governments—although unofficial reactions in Athens were reported to be unfavourable. The Government, however, intended to begin preparations immediately to put the plan into operation. Archbishop Makarios rejected the British plan in an outspoken letter to Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of Cyprus.

probably lead to a fresh outburst of violence, perhaps worse than ever

Some correspondents on the spot have come to the conclusion that the British Government now believes repression pure and simple inadequate to restore and preserve tranquillity. A programme of force is often dependent on conscience; in a democratic country not only official conscience but that of the people at large which influences it. By practising the methods used in Hungary, results may be obtained completely and quickly, but in the long run civilised peoples will recoil from them or split into two camps on account of them. Yet

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



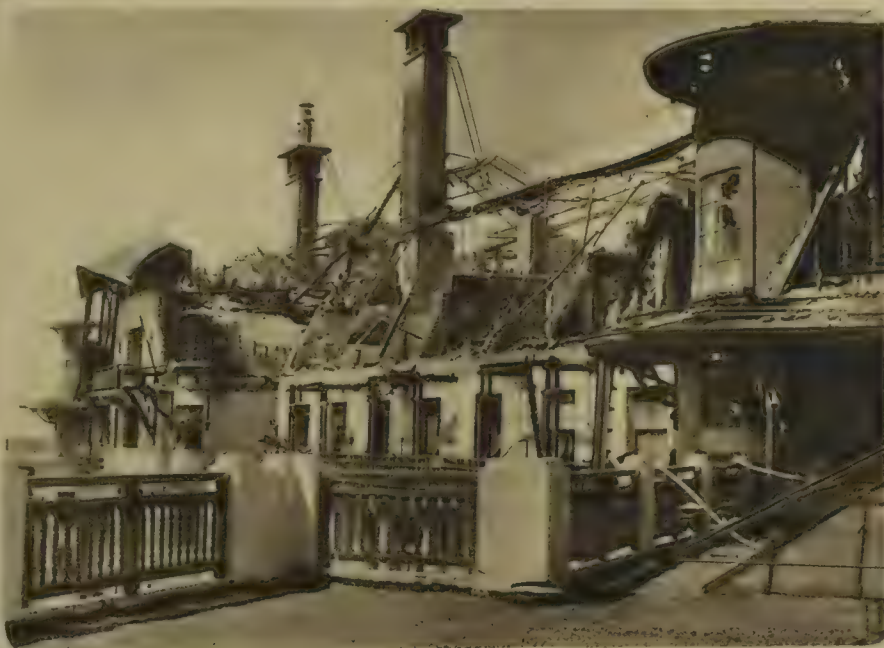
THE U.S. SMOKING MARIJUANA—ON POLICE ORDERS: A FIELD OF HEMP IN CHICAGO, CULTIVATED FOR THE PRODUCTION OF HALF-A-MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF THE NARCOTIC DRUG MARIJUANA, BEING BURNT BY MARINES UNDER POLICE DIRECTION. CHEMICALS WERE LATER USED TO DESTROY ANY REMAINING SEEDS.

(Above.)
THE U.S. AFTER BEING UN-
LOADED FROM THE CUNARD
FREIGHTER *ALSATIA* AT BROOKLYN:
THE BRITISH YACHT *SCEPTRE* ON
TOW ON AUGUST 13.

The British challenger for the America's Cup, *Sceptre*, arrived in New York on August 12 aboard the Cunard freighter *Alsatia*, from which she was unloaded on the following day and towed to Stamford, Connecticut, for her mast to be stepped at Luders Shipyard. On August 18 *Sceptre* arrived at Newport, Rhode Island, where the Cup races are to take place next month. The American 12-metre *Glean* is to act as *Sceptre's* "trial horse" during the practice races.

(Right.)
THE U.S. DELIVERING HIS ELO-
QUENT PLEA TO THE UNITED NATIONS
FOR A COMPREHENSIVE "PLAN FOR
PEACE": PRESIDENT EISENHOWER
SPEAKING ON AUGUST 13.

On August 13 President Eisenhower proposed a six-point aid programme for the Middle East when he addressed the United Nations General Assembly at an emergency session in New York. Mr. Eisenhower, who spoke for half an hour, received an ovation both before and after he addressed the crowded hall. It was nearly five years since the President had last spoken to the Assembly: then he put forward the American "atoms for peace" programme.



FRANCE. DAMAGED BY FIRE: THE VAST ROYAL PALACE HOTEL AT EVIAN, WHICH IS SAID TO BE ONE OF THE LARGEST HOTELS IN EUROPE.



FRANCE. AFTER THE FIRE AT THE ROYAL PALACE HOTEL, EVIAN: GUESTS, ALL OF WHOM ESCAPED SAFELY, SORTING OUT THEIR BELONGINGS. On the night of August 12-13 the top two storeys of the huge Royal Palace Hotel at Evian-les-Bains, in Eastern France, were destroyed in a fire which did damage estimated at £800,000. All the guests and the servants in the hotel escaped safely.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



(Above.)
THE LEBANON.
 THE U.S. MARINES
 BEGIN THEIR WITH-
 DRAWAL: MEN IN
 FULL KIT MARCHING
 ALONG A BEACH NEAR
 BEIRUT TO EMBARK.
 On August 13 a partial
 withdrawal of
 American forces from
 Lebanon started
 shortly after dawn
 when some 1700
 men of the 2nd Bn.,
 2nd Marines, re-
 embarked in land-
 craft from beaches
 near Beirut to rejoin
 the 6th Fleet.



(Left.)
IRAQ. SET ON FIRE
 AND "VIRTUALLY
 DESTROYED" BY
 MOBS DURING THE
 REVOLT: THE BURNT-
 OUT BRITISH EM-
 BASSY IN BAGHDAD,
 SHOWING THE
 WRECKED FIRST
 FLOOR.



IRAQ. IN THE RUINS OF THE ROYAL PALACE IN BAGHDAD: SIGHTSEERS SEARCHING
 FOR ROYAL SOUVENIRS IN A PILE OF TORN-UP PAPERS.

The charred ruins of the British Embassy in Baghdad have been closely guarded since the building was sacked by looters on July 14, but the ruins of the Royal Palace are visited daily by numbers of Iraqis who search for souvenirs among the debris.



JORDAN. IN AMMAN: GUARDS WITH FIXED BAYONETS ON DUTY ON BOTH SIDES OF THE
 ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL PALACE.

King Hussein of Jordan received expressions of loyalty on August 11, the sixth anniversary of his accession to the throne. Earlier in the week King Hussein visited various Jordanian military establishments, at each of which he received pledges of loyalty.



JORDAN. RECEIVING PLEDGES OF LOYALTY AT A DEMONSTRATION IN HIS HONOUR:
 KING HUSSEIN (CENTRE) WITH MEN OF THE JORDAN ARMY AT ZERKA ON AUGUST 9.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE WEST GERMAN NAVY'S LARGEST WARSHIP: THE 2700-TON DESTROYER *D 170*, PREVIOUSLY THE U.S.S. *ANTHONY*, WHICH WAS IN "MOTHBALLS" EARLIER THIS YEAR.



LEAVING KIEL FOR THE BALTIC: SOME OF THE SHIPS TAKING PART IN THE RECENT WEST GERMAN NAVAL MANOEUVRES.



GERMAN SAILORS GOING ABOARD A SUBMARINE FOR THE MANOEUVRES. IN THE BACKGROUND IS A SECOND GERMAN SUBMARINE.

W. GERMANY. GERMAN WARSHIPS LEAVE KIEL FOR MANOEUVRES.

On August 11 some forty ships of the newly-formed West German Navy put to sea from Kiel for the largest German naval manoeuvres since the war. In command of the operation was Commodore Rolf Johannesson, who is shown in one of the photographs boarding the destroyer *D 170*, the Navy's biggest warship. Besides the *D 170*, minesweepers, craft described as speedboats, and two submarines took part. The manoeuvres were to be held in the Baltic and the North Sea, and were to continue until August 30. The West German Navy was formed in 1956, and the 2700-ton destroyer *D 170* is one of a number of ships which have been supplied to the Federal Republic by either the United States or Britain. The *D 170*, previously the U.S.S. *Anthony*, was in "mothballs" earlier this year at Charleston, South Carolina.



BEFORE SETTING OUT FOR THE MANOEUVRES IN THE BALTIC AND NORTH SEA: GERMAN MINESWEEPERS LYING SIDE BY SIDE IN KIEL HARBOUR.



COMMODORE ROLF JOHANNESSEN (LEFT) AT KIEL, WHERE HE BOARDED THE DESTROYER *D 170* TO COMMAND WEST GERMANY'S NAVAL MANOEUVRES

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



CHINA. OFF THE MOUTH OF THE WHANGPOO RIVER, SHANGHAI: CHINESE AND INDIAN NAVAL OFFICERS WATCHING MANOEUVRES BY COMMUNIST CHINA'S NAVAL FORCES. On July 18 a unit of Communist China's naval forces took part in manoeuvres off Shanghai for officers and men of the visiting Indian flagship *Mysore*. Swift torpedo-boats launched an attack on a formation of "enemy" naval vessels.



JAPAN. ON THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DROPPING OF THE ATOM BOMB: THE REMEMBRANCE CEREMONIES AT THE MEMORIAL IN HIROSHIMA. On August 6, the thirteenth anniversary of the day on which the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, some 30,000 people gathered at the Memorial Arch in the city's Peace Park for the annual memorial ceremony for those killed.



BELGIUM. IN BRUSSELS RECENTLY: MARSHAL VOROSHILOV, PRESIDENT OF THE PRESIDUM OF THE SUPREME SOVIET, SECOND FROM LEFT, AT A MEETING WITH KING BAUDOUIN, RIGHT. Marshal Voroshilov met King Baudouin on July 12 during his recent visit to Brussels. Other Soviet officials, above, are M. Avilov, Ambassador in Brussels, left, M. Kaftanov, Vice-Minister of Culture, centre, and Mme. Kouriguina, Minister of Public Health.



JAPAN. ON A HILL FACING THE HARBOUR IN NAGASAKI: MADAME BUTTERFLY'S HOUSE, WHICH NOW BELONGS TO THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT AUTHORITY.

Madame Butterfly's house on a hill over-looking Nagasaki's bay has long been popularly connected with the heroine of Puccini's opera. Before the war it belonged to Mr. Thomas Glover, a British subject, who left it to the local Government authority, who now maintain it and make a small charge to the many people who visit it.



CEYLON. ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF COLOMBO: BUILDING A RADAR-CONTROLLED GATE. A gate controlled by radar and designed to open automatically as vehicles approach is being built at the entrance to a large private estate on the outskirts of Colombo. The gate is said to give warning of approaching visitors—by means of ringing bells and flashing lights—when they are still a mile away.



PERSIA. IN TEHRAN: THE SHAH OF PERSIA, LEFT CENTRE, AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE LARGE, NEW INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

The new Teheran international airport, the most modern in the Middle East and designed to handle the rapidly increasing volume of air traffic calling at the capital, was inaugurated by the Shah on August 5. The airport has taken the Swedish contractors six years to complete.

"THE MYSTERY OF THE SPHINX THAT WAS MILNER."

"ALFRED LORD MILNER. THE MAN OF NO ILLUSIONS." By JOHN EVELYN WRENCH.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

MILNER was always something of a sphinx, though whether with or without a secret is a matter of opinion. He wrote of himself, "I am afraid I shall never make a good party man, but I hope to make a fairly decent Englishman," and Lord Beaverbrook has written of him, "He was impressive but not attractive." To those of us who were brought into contact with him when we were young, and he was at the end of his life, he was obviously so much an Elder Statesman that criticism seemed to savour of blasphemy. Sir Evelyn Wrench has set out in these pages to solve the mystery by letting the man speak for himself whenever possible, and the result is a volume which is at once important and absorbing; if it be objected that there are over many quotations from Milner's own letters, and from those of others to him, the answer must be that there was no other way of achieving the end which the author had in view.

It has clearly not been an easy book to write, for Milner had an extremely varied career. He proved himself a brilliant scholar at Oxford; he was Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue when Harcourt imposed the Death Duties—with Milner's whole-hearted co-operation; he was High Commissioner in South Africa at the greatest crisis in that country's history; and he was a member of the War Cabinet in the First World War. All this points to a man of conventional respectability; yet Milner was one of the Die-Hards who was prepared to go to any extreme to wreck the Veto Bill in 1911, and Sir Evelyn reveals in these pages that had Carson been arrested during his campaign against the Third Home Rule Bill, as might well have been the case, it was Milner who was to be "the man who would jump into the breach." The truth is that his whole career was a series of paradoxes. The only time he tried to enter the House of Commons it was as a Liberal, and yet when the First Coalition was being formed Austen Chamberlain could write to Bonar Law, "I know that the more extreme section of the Liberal Party dislike Milner."

On the author's showing Milner seems to have been a good judge of character. He wrote of Margot Tennant that "she talks too much to be always clever," but he later proposed to her all the same: as early as 1891 he said of Kitchener, "He is not easy to keep in check. A strong self-willed man, not absolutely *straight*": while, so far as Rhodes was concerned, Milner found him "too self-willed, too violent, too sanguine, and always in too great a hurry. . . . Men are ruled by their foibles, and Rhodes's foible is *size*. . . . Rhodes is a great developer, but he is not a good administrator." The one man whom Milner would appear to have misjudged was Lloyd George, who clearly made an extremely favourable impression upon him in the earlier days of the First World War; yet, as in the case of so many other people, the impression did not last for long, and the Armistice had not been signed for a month before he told Henry Wilson that "he would not work any longer with Lloyd George." Sooner or later most of the Welsh Wizard's colleagues came to that conclusion.

In Milner's personal relationships nothing is more marked than the gulf which gradually grew between Asquith and himself. At Balliol the relationship between the two men had been close, and this continued to be the case for some years after they had both come down from Oxford. When Milner decided to introduce Chinese indentured labour into South Africa the Liberal Imperialists, that is to say Asquith, Grey, and Haldane, promised him their support, yet when the Liberals were returned to power at the General Election of 1906, such is the influence of party politics that even his friends among the Liberal Imperialists joined in the hue and cry against him. Sir Evelyn rightly says, "There have been few more discreditable episodes in British political life than the Chinese Slavery Election," and Milner deeply resented the attacks made upon him. It was no wonder that he lashed out in a letter to George Parkin, "Here is everything depending on this rotten assembly in Westminster, and the whole future of the Empire may turn upon the whims of men who have been elected for their competence in dealing with Metropolitan tramways or country pubs."

oppressed and plotted against, whereas, as a matter of fact, he has got his foot well planted on the necks of his neighbours and means to trample on them as long as he can.

If Milner were alive to-day he would not have to reconsider his verdict.

Sir Evelyn dismisses once and for all the legend of Milner as a warmonger, and the evidence of these pages leaves no doubt that hostilities were forced on by Kruger:

A pious patriot, cunning and strong-willed, a burly Voortrekker in top-hat and tightly-buttoned coat, who for many years worked relentlessly towards the goal of making his Republic the predominant State in an all-Dutch South African Republic . . .

Facing him at the Bloemfontein Conference was Alfred Milner, the polished, charming Englishman, but iron-willed, too, and once he was convinced of the rightness of his cause, as obdurate as Kruger. He realised that failure meant ignominy or war. Since his days at Oxford he had come to believe with all his being in what the British Empire meant, not only in giving freedom, order and good government to its citizens of the white race, but also acting as trustee for millions of men and women of mixed blood, Aryan, Mongol, or Bantu race. There could be no question, in Milner's view, as to which of the two opponents was better fitted to be the paramount power in South Africa: the Afrikaner Oligarchy of Dopperdom, or the ever-changing World State which stood for the *Pax Britannica*.

When war did come, and all through the three years of the struggle, Milner kept before him the necessity of a satisfactory peace. Like the Younger Pitt, but unlike one or two more recent Prime Ministers, Milner realised that no war can be an end in itself, and as early as November 1899, he wrote, "It seems ill-omened to talk of eventual settlement when things are in such an awful mess. . . . Still, it must have an end, and the end must be our victory. So though it may be premature, it is still necessary to think what to do with it." With such an approach to the problems of war and peace it is small wonder that Milner had little sympathy with Lloyd George's clap-trap of "Hang the Kaiser" and "squeezing the lemon till the pips squeak."

So, through a book of absorbing interest, Sir Evelyn unravels the mystery of the sphinx that was Milner, but as one lays the volume down for the last time one wonders whether Milner did not, in fact, solve the mystery, and incidentally write his own epitaph, when he described himself as one "who was born a century and a half too late."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 322 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR EVELYN WRENCH.

Sir Evelyn Wrench, who was born in 1882 and educated at Summer Fields, near Oxford, at Eton and on the Continent, has been Chairman of *The Spectator* since 1925, and was its editor from 1925-1932. He founded the Overseas League in 1910 and the English-Speaking Union in 1918. He is the author of a number of books which include: "Uphill"; "Immortal Years"; "Transatlantic London" and "Geoffrey Dawson and our Times."



DESCRIBED BY WINSTON CHURCHILL DURING THE ANGLO-BOER WAR AS: "THE MAN OF NO ILLUSIONS, THE ANXIOUS BUT UNWEARIED PROCONSUL": ALFRED LORD MILNER.

The fact that Asquith did not defend him at that time may have had something to do with their future estrangement—or can it have been that at heart he was a little jealous of the rival who had been accepted by Margot Tennant when he had been refused?

Varied as Milner's career was there can be no doubt but that the highlight of it was the period of eight years when he was Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, and the author very properly devotes more space to that part of his life than to any other. It was then that the young Winston Churchill termed him "the man of no illusions," and he was right. About one thing in particular Milner certainly had no illusions, and that was the character of the Boers. In a letter to Mrs. Gaskell in the summer of 1898 he expresses satisfaction that Kipling, who had just been his guest, "saw through that utter imposture, the simple-minded Boer patriot, dear to the imagination of British Radicals." He continued:

Not that I want to run down the Dutchman, still less to join the vulgar outcry raised against him by the least estimable section of the English out here. The Boer has his strong points, but the *political Boer* is an awful humbug, for ever crying out that he is being

* "Alfred Lord Milner. The Man of No Illusions." By John Evelyn Wrench. Frontispiece. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 42s.)

AN OUTSTANDING FIND OF CELTIC JEWELLERY.



FIG. 1. THE BRONZE LAMP FOUND IN THE ST. NINIAN'S HOARD WITH TWO OF THE THREE ORIGINAL HOOKS.



FIG. 2. FOUR ENGRAVED CAPS OF BRONZE. THE THREE "THIMBLES" MAY BE SHIELD ORNAMENTS, THE FOURTH A SWORD POMMEL-CAP.

THE ST. NINIAN'S HOARD IN A SHETLAND ISLAND.

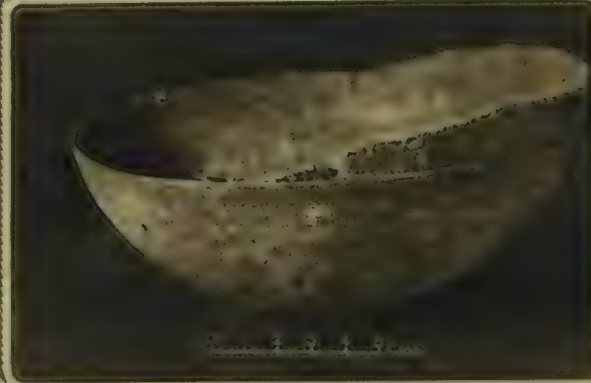


FIG. 3. TWO OF THE SIX BOWLS BEFORE SEPARATION. ALL OF THE BOWLS WERE IN A FRAGILE CONDITION.



FIG. 4. ONE OF THE BOWLS FROM BELOW, WITH THE MOULDED CENTRE, AND SHOWING THE TYPICAL PUNCHED DESIGN.



FIG. 5. THE LARGEST AND MOST ELABORATE OF THE BRONZE BROOCHES. THE PIN, THOUGH DETACHED, IS STILL IN EXISTENCE.



FIG. 6. THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE BOWLS, SHOWING THE UMBILICAL BOSS, AND THE PUNCHED INTERLACED PATTERN.

ON the west coast of Mainland, Shetland Isles, a few miles north of the famous Jarlshof site, lies a small, beautiful but deserted island, dedicated to St. Ninian and now connected to Mainland by a sandy spit, which is sometimes broken in the winter storms (Fig. 7). It has a perennial well of fresh water and was, in fact, just the place to attract a Celtic hermit. It was known that there had been a mediæval church there, but even the site of this was lost. With the consent of the landowner, Mr. James Budge, excavations were started in 1955 by a group of students, mainly from Aberdeen University, under Professor Andrew C. O'Dell.

[Continued opposite]



(Right.) FIG. 7. A VIEW OF THE SITE OF THE CHURCH ON ST. NINIAN'S ISLE, SHOWING THE SPIT OF SAND WHICH CONNECTS THE ISLAND WITH MAINLAND, SHETLAND.

[Continued.]

The church was located (in neither of the two spots traditionally assigned to it) and successful progress was made. The curved apse and high altar were uncovered in 1955 and the nave and outer wall cleared in 1956-57. Trial pits were sunk in 1957-58, both within and without the church walls, and these revealed an underlying Iron Age complex. The whole of the area had been widely used for at least 2000 years as a burial-ground. The church measures 50 ft. by 23 ft. and consists of a nearly rectangular nave for nearly two-thirds of its length, with a curved apse at the eastern end. Parts of the mediæval walls still stand to 4 ft. and were constructed with lime and mortar from burnt shells. Both inside and out, the church was covered with lime plaster—which is also a feature in the tradition of Whithorn. To

[Continued opposite.]

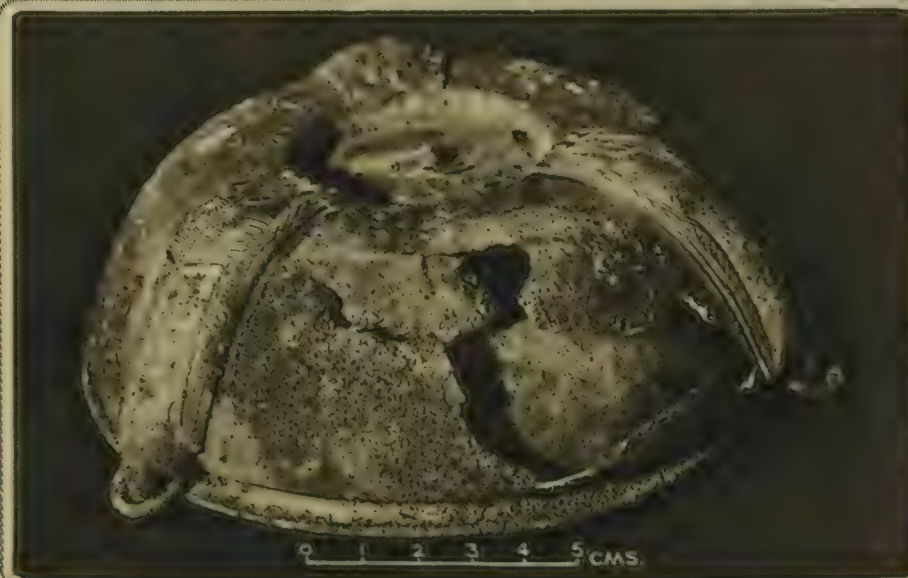


FIG. 8. THE UNDERSIDE OF THE LAMP: A VIEW WHICH SHOWS THE INNER BOWL AND THE STRAP-LIKE ENGRAVED ESCUTCHEONS WHICH CARRY THE RINGS FOR THE HOOKS.

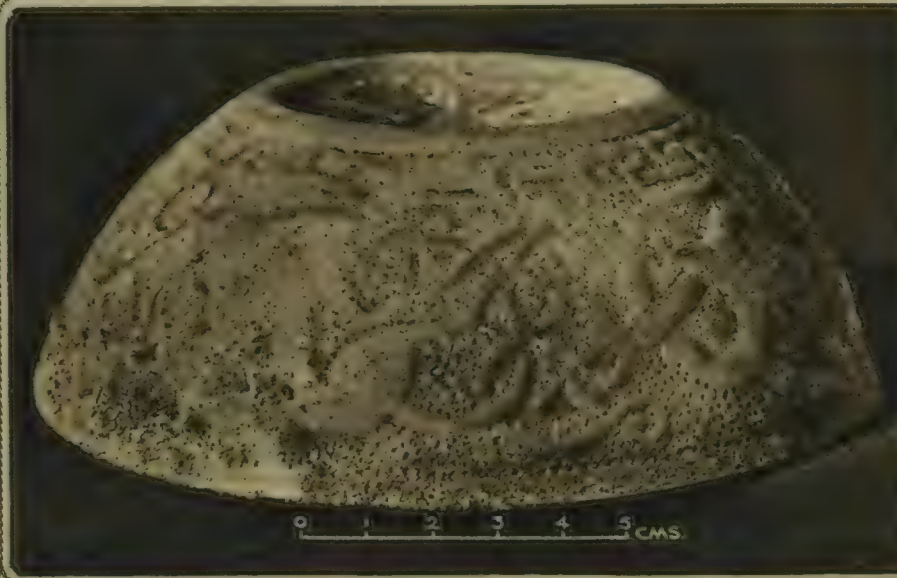


FIG. 9. PROBABLY THE FINEST OF THE BOWLS, IN THIS STAGE OF CLEANING. IN THIS BOWL THE PATTERN IS BROUGHT OUT WITH REPOUSSE WORK, AS WELL AS PUNCHED DOTS.

HIDDEN FROM VIKING MARAUDERS: THE BRONZES OF ST. NINIAN'S, SHETLAND.



FIG. 10. IN ALL, TWELVE BROOCHES WERE FOUND IN THE ST. NINIAN'S HOARD, WITH NO TWO IDENTICAL. SOME, HOWEVER, ARE FAIRLY SIMILAR.



FIG. 11. ALL THE BROOCHES SHOW VARIOUS COMBINATIONS OF ROPE AND INTERLACE MOTIFS AND MOST HAVE INSET JEWELS STILL REMAINING.



FIG. 12. IN THIS THE DESIGN AT THE END OF THE ARMS IS THE LEAST SYMMETRICAL AND LOOKS ALMOST LIKE A STYLISED ANIMAL FORM.

Continued. the south-east of the apse is a drystone enclosure which, by analogy with Irish examples, is known as the "Founder's Tomb." In it in 1957 were found seven grooved stones, four of which were carved with sea-horses (Fig. 17) and other Pictish symbols. These must originally have supported panel stones such as those from Papil, now in the County Offices in Lerwick. The church foundation-level is about 8 ft. below the modern ground-level at its lowest point and excavation has not been without difficulty. Equipment has been lent each year by the County Road Surveyor, and this year Messrs. Tawse erected timbering to allow excavation at 6 ft. below the foundations of the mediæval church. This proved very fortunate, as on July 4 this year trowelling was going on about 5 ft. below the church foundation-level when a thin slab of stone with a lightly engraved cross was found. In contact with this stone were fragments of rotted wood and metal with the familiar bright green of weathering copper. The cache was carefully opened and was found to contain 25 examples of metalwork, of which the precise nature has not, in all cases, been yet determined. There were twelve brooches of Celtic design (Figs. 5, 10-15), all different, and most of them inset with garnets, carnelians or amber, although in a number of cases the stones were lost in antiquity. There were six bowls (Figs. 3, 4, 6 and 9), one within the other, and these were only partially separated, as

[Continued opposite.]

Continued. they were discovered to be very fragile. It could be seen, however, that they had punched or repoussé designs. There was also a hanging lamp (Figs. 1 and 8), with an inner lining, three hooks and decorated escutcheon plates. The cache also contained a chased metal ornament (Fig. 2) which may be the tip of a sword pommel or the tip of a sheath, and three hollow conical metal objects about 1½ ins. high, with soldered-on bases and holes pierced diametrically through. These look like thimbles but may perhaps have been shield ornaments, the holes being possibly for thongs securing them. The last two objects (Figs. 16 and 18) are the most remarkable: two elaborately carved "handles" with animal-headed terminals with garnet eyes. Both are double-sided and the larger carries an inscription, of which the individual letters are clear, but which had not been interpreted at the time of writing. On the inner curve of these handles there is a slit which suggests that perhaps the objects were so designed to grip cloth or leather. Very few Shetlanders have yet seen these treasures, as so fragile were they it was necessary to fly them immediately to the British Museum Laboratory for conservation and cleaning. It is the wish of the owner of the land and of the excavators that the material discovered should return to Shetland as soon as the islands possess a suitable museum and that meanwhile it should be on view, as soon as it is ready, in the museum of Aberdeen University.



FIG. 14. THE PIN AND ARMS OF THIS BROOCH CARRY A COMPLEX INTERTWINING PATTERN, WHICH DESIGN IS REPEATED IN THE CIRCLETS.



FIG. 13. IN THIS BROOCH, WHICH ORIGINALLY CARRIED A NUMBER OF JEWELS, THE INTERLACE PATTERN HAS ALMOST THE EFFECT OF FILIGREE.



FIG. 17. FOUND LAST YEAR IN THE "FOUNDER'S TOMB." ONE OF THE FOUR PILLAR STONES OF PICTISH ORIGIN WHICH CARRIED ENGRAVINGS OF SEA-HORSES.



FIG. 15. THE QUIETLY ELABORATE DESIGN OF THIS BROOCH IS MOST SUCCESSFUL. THE INSET JEWELS ARE USUALLY GARNETS, CARNELIANS OR AMBER.



FIG. 16. THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT—AND CRYPTIC—OF THE BRONZES. BOTH ARE TENTATIVELY CALLED "HANDLES." THERE IS A SLIT ALONG THE INSIDE OF THE CURVE.



FIG. 18. THE OTHER FACE OF THE "HANDLES" (FIG. 16). BOTH HAVE ZOOMORPHIC TERMINALS, WITH GARNET EYES. THE ONE ON THE RIGHT CARRIES AN INSCRIPTION.



THE AMERICA'S CUP—TO BE CONTESTED IN SEPTEMBER: COMPETITORS OF

The America's Cup, an ornate silver pitcher, has for just over a century been the greatest trophy in top-class international yachting, and, incidentally, is the oldest trophy competed for in international sporting events. It was previously known as the Hundred Guinea Cup (from the sum it cost) and in 1851 the America succeeded in winning the cup from a number of British yachts in a race round the Isle of Wight on August 22, establishing American supremacy—already acknowledged in the case of the ocean-going clipper ships—in the sphere of yachting. The design of both hull and sails of the America was new and was to have an important influence on yacht design in the future. The America's Cup, as the trophy became known, was, a few years later,

presented by the American syndicate who had won it to the New York Yacht Club, who were to hold it as a permanent challenge cup, open to competition by any organised yacht club of any foreign country. Not counting the original race, there have been sixteen contests for the trophy, and in each case it has been retained by America. Fourteen of the challenges have been British and two Canadian. Future years may well see the entry of other countries into the competition. A noted figure in the history of the America's Cup races is Sir Thomas Lipton, whose first challenger, Shamrock I, was defeated in 1899, and who in the next thirty years or so made five attempts to win the cup. Another notable challenger was T. O. M. Sopwith, a leading figure

Drawn by our Special Artist.



A CENTURY'S RACING IN WHICH THE U.S. HAS REMAINED UNDEFEATED.

in British aviation in World War I. The closest match in the history of the trophy took place in 1934, when Mr. Sopwith's first challenger, Endeavour, was narrowly defeated by Rainbow. His next challenger, Endeavour II, lost to Ranger in the last contest to be held, in 1937. Since that time, important alterations in the rules for the contest have enabled smaller yachts to compete, and, also, it is not now necessary for the challenger to sail across the Atlantic for the event. This has done something to reduce the prohibitive cost of competing and has removed from the challenger what was previously a considerable handicap. This year's challenge is being sponsored by a syndicate of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the challenger, the international 12-metre

G. H. Davis, S.M.A.

Sceptre, launched in April, arrived in New York on board the Atlantis on August 12. The races, against a defender to be chosen from the yachts Vim, Columbia, Weatherly and Easterner, will take place in September off Rhode Island. The defenders will benefit from being able to choose their challenger from the older yacht Vim, which has proved successful during recent trials, and the three other yachts, which are new. At the time Sceptre was built, the rules of the contest required that the challenger should be named ten months in advance of the race, so that it would not have been possible to build several British yachts from which the challenger could be selected. (A drawing of Sceptre, also by Mr. Davis, appeared in our last issue.)



GIANTS OF THE SEAS: SOME HUGE FISH—THE LARGEST OVER 50 FT. LONG—WHICH INHABIT THE UNDERWATER KINGDOM, STILL LARGELY UNEXPLORED BY MAN.

As man, using new techniques, penetrates further beneath the seas it becomes ever more apparent that there are, indeed, as big fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Among these giants of the deep the pride of place goes to the whale shark. Although not commonly seen, this large shark inhabits the warmer parts of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans, and grows to 50 ft. or more, with a weight of several tons. The basking shark of the temperate seas is especially common in the North Atlantic. It runs second to the whale shark with a length of 40 ft. or more. Both these giant sharks are harmless, having

very minute teeth and feeding solely on small plankton. The largest of the dangerous sharks is the great white shark or man-eater, 40 ft. or more—which might be described as the skindiver's nightmare. It is found in the warmer seas the world over and occasionally straying into temperate seas. Beside these the thresher or fox shark, of sub-tropical and temperate seas, is a mere 15 to 20 ft. and weighs nearly 1000 lb. A near relative of the sharks, although markedly different in shape, the manta or greater devil fish may attain 20 ft. across the disc and a weight of 3000 lb. Among the bony fishes

are several giants and the one that most nearly rivals the sharks for size is the sawfish, 30 ft. or more, and this is followed by the oarfish, with 20 ft. length and a weight of 600 lb. After this the maximum lengths become much less spectacular. The marlin is 14 ft. or more, with a weight of at least 1000 lb., and its relative, the sailfish, is 12 ft. or more, with a weight of several hundred pounds, but for sheer bulk we have to look to the sunfish or headfish. Although only 8 to 10 ft. long it has great depth of body and may weigh more than a ton. When we are dealing with animals of such size there is always the

distinct possibility that, in truth, it is the largest that gets away, and there is no guarantee that the figures given here represent the true maxima. The conger, for example, is usually given as 6 to 8 ft., but 11 ft. or more is a possibility. Others are the opah or moonfish, 6 ft. or more, with a weight of 500 to 600 lb., the yellow-finned albacore, 6 to 9 ft. long; the 6-ft. scabbard fish and the halibut, which may exceed 8 ft. and be over 400 lb. in weight. The giant bass, 7 ft. long and weighing over 150 lb., is also known as the wreck fish from its habit of following floating wreckage to feed on the barnacles.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.



A SHORT distance from Freshwater Bay, in the Isle of Wight, on the left-hand side of what is known as the Military Road, as you leave the Bay, there grow three most interesting British wild plants. These are the yellow horned poppy (*Glaucium flavum*), samphire (*Crithmum maritimum*), and the wild stock (*Matthiola incana*). The horned poppy is a fairly common seaside plant in this country, usually found close to the shore and often only just above high-water level. A rather sprawling plant, with grey-green leaves, and large, golden poppy flowers, which are followed by the long, narrow, green seed-pods from which the plant gets its English name. At Freshwater, on the Military Road, it has strayed rather farther from the sea than usual, and I am under the impression that it has not been growing there for very long.

Four years ago, when I first found it, there was only a sparse sprinkling of specimens, but this summer I noticed, in passing by car, a colony of what must have run to several hundred plants, many of them growing in the steep roadside scree of chalk rubble. Two summers ago, I gathered a few pods of ripe seed from those plants, which I scattered in the rotten mortar on the top of a stone wall in my Cotswold garden, and there are now several flowering plants, rather starved and stunted, but no less attractive for that. Some years ago, I received seeds of an orange-flowered variety of the horned poppy—a handsome thing, and well worthy of a corner in the flower garden, especially if the soil is poor and hungry enough to cause the plants to become small, wiry, thrifty, and so floriferous. On too rich soil, the plants tend to run to leaf and sprawling stem at the expense of blossom.

I collected, too, a few years ago, some seeds of the samphire by the Freshwater Military Road. It is not what one would describe as a gay, decorative plant. It spreads into straggling mats, a foot or two across, with fleshy, deeply-divided leaves and greenish-yellow flower-heads which look rather like parsley running to flower and seed. I sowed my samphire seeds in a pan, which is now thick with dozens of hearty youngsters, screaming aloud to be planted out. I shall do my best to establish some of them in the soft, cheesy mortar of a stone wall in my garden, so that they may grow in the traditional manner of this species. Samphire is found growing wild on cliff faces on the south-west coast of this country, and gathering samphire for pickling has for long been known as a hazardous trade. But it is difficult to imagine why the folk, who for generations have risked their lives—and doubtless occasionally lost them—dangling on ropes in mid-air to gather the herb, had not the sagacity to gather some of the seeds, and sow and grow them in their gardens, where they could harvest all they could possibly require for pickling.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THREE PLEASANT ROADSIDE PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

The seeds, which I gathered by the roadside at Freshwater, could be grown on and used to make great quantities of the precious pickle if there were any demand for it in these days. I experimented in making this delicacy with a quantity of the fleshy leaves which I collected a few years ago, but it was not any sort of success. One friend who tried it described it as "nice but

rather curious," and that just about fits my own reactions to it. The flavour of the leaves—and the pickle—is strongly aromatic, with half-a-dozen strangely indescribable flavours added. It is probable, however, that if some enterprising and imaginative person

made a speciality of Pickled Samphire, put up in not-too-large jars, with a romantic coloured pictorial label showing a samphire-gatherer clinging in mid-air to a rope a few hundred feet up a Cornish cliff, it would sell readily enough in some emporium specialising in rare groceries and delicatessen in Piccadilly, especially if the price was sufficiently impressively high. The other inhabitant of the chalk cliff and scree in the cutting on the Military Road, at Freshwater, is the wild stock, *Matthiola incana*, a very rare British wild plant, and well worth garden room, especially if it can be grown in the crevices of an old stone or brick wall, where it can become established and starved on a diet of little but crumbling, rotten mortar. Starved thus, the plant develops a hard, woody stem—often almost a trunk—and becomes a long-lived perennial.

There are other interesting plants to be seen in that chalk cutting on the Freshwater Military Road. There are many fine specimens of Restharrow, a neat, rather prostrate sub-shrubby plant, with soft, slightly downy leaves, and charming little vetch or gorse-like flowers in pale rose-pink and white. It would be a pretty thing in the rock garden, but ardent collectors should beware of attempting to collect growing specimens in the wild.

The root is like a bell-rope which plunges deep into the stony or chalky soil which it seems to prefer, and even young, small plants, if they can be found and are dug with scrupulous care, are, for some reason or other, extremely difficult to establish in captivity. By far the better way is to collect seeds, and having raised them in a pan, plant them out as babes where they are to remain permanently in the rock garden or whatever other home-from-home is selected for them.

Another seaside plant to be seen in passing that chalk cutting on the Military Road is Sea Pink, or Thrift (*Armeria maritima*), with its mounds of foliage like very fine short turf, and heads of pink blossom, a rather chalky-pink, unfortunately. How much more effective it would be if only the flowers were a clear, warm, strong pink, like some of the garden varieties. In the past I once spent much time hunting through acres of this Thrift on the Dorset coast, looking for a distinctive form with flowers of a really good tone of pink. The only variation I ever found was a white-flowered form, which I already had, and did not greatly admire. But it was in a Dorset cottage garden that I discovered—and was given—the crimson-flowered Thrift, which I later launched upon gardens in general under the now well-known name Vindictive.



ROSE-COLOURED AND WITH FLOWER-HEADS UP TO AN INCH IN DIAMETER: THE TUFTED THRIFT (*ARMERIA CAESPITOSA*), FROM THE SOUTH OF EUROPE, WHICH FLOWERS FROM JUNE TO SEPTEMBER. (Photograph by Donald F. Merrett.)

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IN A GLOUCESTERSHIRE GARDEN OFTEN VISITED BY SWIFT: A *BROBDINGNAGIAN* YEW HEDGE—CLAIMED AS THE TALLEST IN THE WORLD—UNDERGOING ITS ANNUAL CLIPPING.

The noble park and gardens at Cirencester Park, the Gloucestershire seat of Lord Bathurst, were laid out in the eighteenth century by the first Earl, who was noted for his love of gardening. The hedge seen here was planted at this time. It is over thirty feet high, and is claimed as the tallest yew hedge in the world. Indeed, it has reached a truly *Brobdingnagian* scale, though at

the time when Jonathan Swift, the great eighteenth-century satirist, walked in the gardens at Cirencester Park (then called Oakley Park), it must have been relatively *Lilliputian* in size. The hedge is clipped by hand once a year, and it takes ten days to finish the work. The heavy weight of electrical clipping appliances make them unsuitable for use on this gigantic hedge.

RE-ERECTED IN PHILADELPHIA: A RUSTIC JAPANESE CEREMONIAL TEA HOUSE.



THE HUB OF THE RUSTIC JAPANESE CEREMONIAL TEA HOUSE RE-ERECTED IN THE FAR EASTERN WING OF THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART: THE TEA ROOM WHERE THE CEREMONY TAKES PLACE.

AT the end of last year the new sections of the Oriental Wing of the Philadelphia Museum of Art were opened to the public after two years of careful preparation. Here four architectural treasures from China and Japan have been meticulously re-erected. Together with the Museum's other existing installations, they provide a superb survey of many of the major features of Oriental architecture. These four new buildings—a fifteenth-century Buddhist Temple Hall and a late eighteenth-century Scholar's Study from China; and the early twentieth-century Ceremonial Tea House and the seventeenth-century Buddhist Temple from Japan which are illustrated on these two pages—were purchased in 1928 by the Museum's noted Oriental expert, Mr. Horace H. F. Jayne, who is now Vice-Director of the Museum. They were brought to Philadelphia beam by beam and tile by tile over a period of many months, and have been kept in the Museum's storerooms until the task of re-erecting them was begun some three

(Continued opposite.)

(Right.) WHERE THE HONOURED GUESTS GATHER TO AWAIT WORD THAT THE TEA PREPARATIONS ARE COMPLETED: THE WAITING ROOM WITH ITS WIDE ENTRANCE INTO THE GARDEN.



ADJOINING THE TEA ROOM AND EQUIPPED WITH THE MANY EXQUISITE UTENSILS USED BY THE TEA MASTER: THE MIZUYA, OR KITCHEN, WHERE THE TEA IS ACTUALLY PREPARED.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WAITING ROOM, SEEN HERE FROM THE GARDEN SIDE: THIS IS A "FIVE-MAT" ROOM—WHICH MEANS THAT IT HAS AN AREA OF ABOUT TEN SQUARE YARDS.



ORIGINALLY BUILT IN TOKYO IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THIS CENTURY: THE CEREMONIAL TEA HOUSE—CALLED SUN-KA-RAKU—WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL SMALL GARDEN.



PAINSTAKINGLY MOVED FROM JAPAN AND RE-ERECTED IN THE FAR EASTERN WING OF THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART: A 17TH-CENTURY JAPANESE BUDDHIST TEMPLE, *SHOFUKUJI*.

Continued.

years ago. The small rustic Japanese Ceremonial Tea House came from Tokyo, and is called *Sun-Ka-Raku*, or "Evanescent Joys." Constructed of white cedar, red pine and plum wood, with the main Daimie Pillar a long-treasured piece of *Nandina* or "Heavenly Bamboo," the house provides a simple and gracious setting for the ancient ritual of the Tea Ceremony. The Tea Room is entered by a door only about 3 ft. high, so that each guest has to bend low in humility as he goes in. Between the Tea Room and the Waiting Room is the small garden with its rock fountain set in pines. It is crossed by a path of stepping-stones. The impressive seventeenth-century Japanese Buddhist Temple—called *Shofukuji*, or "Temple of Attainment of Happiness"—is a subsidiary of the great *Horyuji*, near Nara, once the capital of Japan. The Temple Chamber is almost square, measuring about 19 by 22 ft. Its interior is extremely simple, making the graceful Buddhist images on the altars all the more effective.

(Right.) STANDING BESIDE THE JAPANESE TEMPLE IN THE MUSEUM: THE TEA HOUSE AND ITS GARDEN, WITH THE WAITING-ROOM ON THE RIGHT AND THE TEA ROOM IN THE CENTRE.



NOW IN THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART: A 17TH-CENTURY JAPANESE TEMPLE AND A 20TH-CENTURY TEA HOUSE.



THE series "The Pelican History of Art," has now reached Ancient Egypt, and this volume* is from the pen of Mr. W. Stevenson Smith, who has spent much time in the country and is now Curator of the Egyptian Department of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. He has every qualification for the work—experience of excavation on the spot, and the widest possible knowledge of the 4000 years of



"LADY WITH MYNA BIRD"—A MINIATURE FROM GOLCONDA, OF ABOUT 1605: ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN "PAINTING OF THE DECCAN, 16TH-17TH CENTURY," BY DOUGLAS BARRETT, WHICH IS ONE OF THE TWO NEW VOLUMES IN THE FABER GALLERY OF ORIENTAL ART REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS. (7½ by 4½ ins.) (The Chester Beatty Library, Dublin.)

that extraordinary civilisation, which only began to alter in essentials with the conquest by Alexander. Yet he seems to me to suffer from the trouble which afflicts so many learned specialists, of being unable to distinguish the wood from the trees, and to be not quite certain for whom he is writing—a dozen of his own colleagues or a far wider public. I provide one example of method and ask myself how it contributes an iota to our understanding of Egyptian art: "If Weserkaf was the son of Radedef's daughter Nefer-Hetep-s and married Khent-Kaw-s, a descendant of the main line of kings, there would have been combined in this first reign of Dynasty V the two conflicting strains in the Royal family of Dynasty IV." I would add "If not, not." These and similar disquisitions make this lengthy book with its 250 pages of text and thirty-five of notes extremely

*"The Art and Architecture of Ancient Egypt." By W. Stevenson Smith. With 192 pages of plates and 77 text drawings. (Penguin Books—The Pelican History of Art; 63s.)

† "An Introduction to the Arts of Japan." By Peter C. Swann. With a colour frontispiece and 168 illustrations. (Bruno Cassirer, Oxford—distributed by Faber and Faber; 45s.)

‡ "Painting of the Deccan, Sixteenth-Seventeenth Century." Introduction and Notes by Douglas Barrett. With 10 colour plates. (Faber and Faber—The Faber Gallery of Oriental Art; 15s.)

†† "Central Indian Painting." Introduction and Notes by W. G. Archer. With 10 colour plates. (Faber and Faber—The Faber Gallery of Oriental Art; 15s.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

EGYPT, INDIA AND JAPAN—A REVIEW.

difficult to read in spite of the essentially absorbing interest of the material. The 192 pages of photographs, many of them unfamiliar, are admirable and it is a great pity to have to repeat that they are explained in so tedious a manner. The whole book gave me the impression that the men who painted these pictures and devised these extraordinary buildings were not people of flesh and blood at all, but figments of a scholarly imagination. None the less, an important book, wherein those who want facts will find them.

Mr. Peter Swann has been less ambitious and a great deal more lively in his "An Introduction to the Arts of Japan," † which arrives on the market just when we have had the chance—not likely to be repeated in our time—of seeing various examples of Japanese art of the past which have not previously been visible outside Japan itself. That exhibition, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, will not easily be forgotten and should finally have abolished the notion that the only Japanese things that matter are colour-prints and netsuke. While it is obvious that, in studying a nation's art, it is absurd to be prejudiced by our different traditions, most of us find we have to make a deliberate effort to appreciate Japan. And then, it seems to me, whoever has taken the trouble to make himself thoroughly acquainted with Japanese painting, sculpture and the minor arts, is liable to take up the position that everything Japanese is wonderful and nothing banal. In this book the author makes one or two statements which I find astonishing. He illustrates half a dozen late netsuke and appears to find them all exquisite; and he illustrates a thirteenth-century wooden figure of a goddess, dreadfully erotic, an outstanding example of the difference between the naked and the nude, and, to judge by the photograph, as much a work of art as a waxwork at Madame Tussaud's, and asks us to admire. These are curious lapses in a volume which covers so much ground and so judiciously. Yet opposite this foolish little doll there is the wooden portrait of the Samurai in his ceremonial dress which made so great an impression in the Japanese exhibition, on the previous page a figure which could very nearly be by Rodin, and previous to that some noble sculptures—portraits of priests or of Buddhist saints—which can easily take their place beside any sculpture in the world. Altogether though, exactly what it sets out to be: an introduction, not a history, and most agreeably illustrated.

Two additions to the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art deal with the Painting of the Deccan ‡ and with that of Central India ††; the first by Douglas Barrett and the second by W. G. Archer. The series is an uncommonly pretty one—introduction and ten plates in colour. Two previous books by Mr. Archer, "Garhwal Painting" and "Kangra Painting," have been reviewed on this page in the past.

On this occasion he talks of Central India in his usual beguiling manner; he will not, I think, succeed in converting every Englishman to his own enthusiasms; to most of us Indian painting is extremely difficult—but he does enable us to detect the differences between one school and another and, in remarkably few words, to make us comprehend the anarchistic welter of the times and to see how Indian elements pervade the formal Persian style. And to what characters are we introduced! The fifteenth-century Sultan Mahmud, for example, who "was polite, brave, just and learned and, during his reign, Mahomedans as well as Hindoos were happy and maintained a friendly intercourse with one another." Then there is his son, Ghiyas-ud-Din, who "established within his seraglio all the separate offices of a court and had at one time fifteen thousand women within his palace. Five hundred beautiful young Toorky females in men's clothes and uniformly clad, armed with bows and arrows, stood on his right hand

and were called the Toorky guard. On his left were five hundred Abyssinian females, also dressed uniformly, armed with firearms." Amid this more than Hollywood luxury, the ruler, his successors or his murderous supplanters, patronised the arts, made war or made love and left behind them decorative court paintings which require a considerable knowledge of Indian legends to interpret but which are invariably concerned with an erotic theme.

Deccan painting, expounded by Douglas Barrett in the other volume, though Indianised to some degree, is altogether lighter in tone and more Persian in character. Here again, one is grateful for the brief account of the beginning of Islamic rule, culminating in the accession of Akbar at Delhi in the sixteenth century. There is something of the fresh vision of our Nicolas Hilliard in these half Persian half Indian miniatures, and though no one, I imagine, is likely to place them in the front rank, few could possibly resist the enchantment of "A Prince in a Garden," plate 10 in the Deccan book, from the Chester Beatty Collection, wherein the Prince seated in his garden is entertained by three girls. One plays a musical instrument, another offers pan, and a third, dressed as a European page of perhaps 1660, hands him a glass of wine. A fourth girl, beneath a flowering tree, is playing with a fawn. Interesting in another way also—we were amused by Indian dress at the time—and Indians were in their turn amused by ours, as well they might. The description in the book, by the way, suggests the 1660 date for the European dress; I should have thought it was much nearer the fashion of fifty or sixty years earlier. Nor would



"ARASHI WAKANO AS THE POETESS ONO-NO-KOMACHI, DANCING," BY TORII KİYOMASU I (c. 1720-1763): A JAPANESE HAND-COLOURED PRINT, ONE OF THE NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS IN PETER C. SWANN'S "AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ARTS OF JAPAN" (BRUNO CASSIRER). (10½ by 6½ ins.) (British Museum.)

this necessarily alter the date of the painting (about 1670-80) because there is no reason why people who are playing at charades should keep strictly to contemporary fashions. It is tempting to look through both the Indian and Japanese books to see whether one can detect any essential identity of thought or of performance. Each appears to me to be as remote from one another as each of them is from the West.

THE WORK OF SIR DAVID WILKIE: AN IMPORTANT EDINBURGH EXHIBITION.



"HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE SULTAN ABDUL MEEDGID": PAINTED IN CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1840. (Oil on panel: 27½ by 23½ ins.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen.)



"THE SPANISH GIRL, 1828," PAINTED BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., IN MADRID. IT SHOWS THE INFLUENCE OF RUBENS. (Oil on canvas: 26 by 21½ ins.) (Lord Glenconner.)



"THE EARL OF KELLIE, 1828": A FINE PORTRAIT WITH PARTICULARLY WELL-PAINTED HEAD AND HANDS. (Oil on canvas: 95 by 68 ins.) (Fife County Council.)



"THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER": A VIGOROUS LATE WORK OF 1837. (Oil on canvas: 83 by 62 ins.) (National Gallery of Scotland.)



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST, c. 1805": PAINTED AT ABOUT THE TIME WHEN WILKIE CAME TO LONDON AGED TWENTY. (Oil on canvas: 29½ by 24 ins.) (Scottish National Portrait Gallery.)



"THE BREAKFAST, 1817": A CHARMING GENRE WORK WHICH HAS NOT BEEN PUBLICLY EXHIBITED FOR OVER A CENTURY. (Oil on panel: 29 by 26 ins.) (The Duke of Sutherland.)



"THE PENNY WEDDING, 1818": ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF WILKIE'S GENRE PICTURES, WHICH WAS COMMISSIONED BY THE PRINCE REGENT. (Oil on panel: 25½ by 27 ins.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen.)



"BATHSHEBA AT THE BATH": ONE OF WILKIE'S RARE NUDES, PAINTED IN 1816, IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE LOW COUNTRIES. (Oil on panel: 15½ by 21 ins.) (The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

The first full-scale exhibition of paintings and drawings by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. (1785-1841), is now to be seen at the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh, where it continues until September 21. It will then be shown in London, at the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, from October 17 to December 10. Wilkie was born at Culter, near Edinburgh, in 1785, and showed an early talent for painting. In 1805 he came to London, where he studied at the Royal Academy Schools. At first his style was tight and highly-finished,

but after his return to England in 1828 from a protracted tour in Italy and Spain he began to work in a looser and freer style. Though this changed style aroused considerable criticism, Wilkie continued to enjoy Royal patronage. In 1840 he set out on a journey to the Holy Land, and he died on his way home in the following year. The current exhibition, which has been selected and catalogued by Mr. John Woodward, contains some 120 paintings and drawings, among them an important group of Wilkie's later work.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ON HAND-REARING YOUNG BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

I HAVE had, during the past few weeks, several letters asking for information on how to feed young birds. Although we are nearing the end of the breeding season, there are still two months during which young birds in need of help may come our way. This, and the probability that there may be many more than those who have actually written to say so who would like this information, prompts me to attempt to deal with the subject. It is, of course, a complicated subject, since there is a wide variety of birds and a variety of methods of feeding them. There is also such a thing as individual differences between members of the same brood. What follows can, therefore, only be regarded as guiding principles, and they are based on the experiences we have had at my home, with a variety of such orphans.

First, let me deal with the individual differences. This may best be illustrated by two young blackbirds brought to us a few days ago. A tree had been felled, and when it was being dismembered a nest with the two youngsters was discovered. It was very marked that as soon as food was offered, one of the two blackbirds readily opened its beak to receive it. The other had to be forcibly fed, but at the end of about twenty-four hours, it also had learned to gape. That this is due to an individual trait seems certain from subsequent experience, for the one that gaped readily is quite the greedier of the two. Presumably, its greed overcame its fears of strange foster-parents from the start.

Success also depends, with nidicolous birds—that is, those reared for a time in the nest—on the stage of development reached. Chicks newly-hatched are difficult to rear, largely because they are delicate to handle and are also apt to develop rickets, due to wrong feeding. The most favourable period is just before and just after the eyes open. Another difficult period is at the fledgling stage, just after the young bird has left the nest and before it is able to feed itself. Presumably, the bird is then old enough to recognise the parent, and is conditioned to it, and needs time to become adjusted to a strange foster-parent.

The young birds most commonly falling into the hands of sympathetic humans belong to what may be called the large soft-bills. In this country they include thrushes and blackbirds, members of the crow-family, the cuckoo and nuthatch, and the woodpeckers. All such birds take food by gaping. Before the eyes are open the nestlings raise the head vertically and open the beak wide in response to a vibration of the nest. After the eyes are opened the head is turned towards the parent, or other moving object, and the beak then opened. In both instances, in both the vertical gape and the directed gape, the parent responds by thrusting the food well down the throat. The foster-parent

must do the same. It is possible to use deft fingers, but tweezers or forceps are better. A pointed matchstick carrying a pellet of food on its end can be used in an emergency.



HAND-FEEDING A YOUNG PIGEON WITH PEA SOUP FROM A SPOON. TO SHOW THE METHOD OF FORCING OPEN THE BEAK WITH THE THUMB AND FOREFINGER THE ANGLE OF PHOTOGRAPHY WAS SUCH THAT THE SPOON ITSELF WAS OUT OF FOCUS. IT CAN BE SEEN, HOWEVER, APPLIED TO THE BIRD'S BEAK.

For the large soft-bills the food should be brown bread made pappy by moistening with milk to which should be added a little minced meat, a little hard-boiled yolk of egg and a little shredded cheese. Chopped earthworm can be substituted for the minced meat. Mealworms can be additional to this diet, but although I have known instances where a young blackbird has been reared entirely on chopped earthworms, it is not recommended. Successful rearing has been accomplished using white bread, but as a rule rickets results if brown or wholemeal bread is not used. The greater number of failures

who will cease to solicit food as its appetite is satisfied.

For the small soft-bills, such as robins, warblers and tree-creepers, the procedure is much the same, but the food should consist of egg-biscuit, bought at a pet's shop, or crumbled sweet biscuit, moistened with milk and honey and a little finely-shredded meat or crushed mealworms (especially those mealworms soft-bodied just after a moult).

For hard-billed birds, including finches and sparrows, the procedure is the same, but the mixture should include finely-chopped lettuce instead of minced or shredded meat. It is also advisable in all cases to give a little cod-liver oil. This can be done by putting one drop of the oil on the edge of the saucer, in which the food-mixture is kept, and dabbing each pellet of food into it.

Pigeons feed by thrusting the head into the parent's mouth and taking the so-called "milk" from the crop. To feed a young squab, therefore, a special method must be used. Take the bill between the thumb and forefinger and, gently but firmly, force it open, using a spoon to pour the food in. This can be a thick pea-soup, with cow's milk added, in the early stages. Later, soaked peas, twenty at each feed, can be inserted in the bill, one after the other, as it is held open, ending with a squirt of water into the throat from a medicine dropper. Feeding young pigeons is not easy because they tend to struggle and in forcing open the beak one feels "all fingers and thumbs," but both pigeon and human foster-parent become accommodated to this forced feeding in due course.

The young of nidifugous birds—that is, those that leave the nest early, such as ducklings and the chicks of game-birds and waders—need little attention because they pick their food up themselves. All that is needed is to make food available. The young of owls and hawks need meat, with a little fur or feather on it. They should take the food from one's fingers, but that does not always happen and it may be necessary to force the beak open, and thrust the food in. Hair, necessary for the formation of the pellets that should be regurgitated periodically, can be provided by such things as the cat's combings, hair cut from an old fur coat, and so on, and feathers can be taken from a pillow or any other such source. The ingenuity of most people is equal to such occasions.

Naturally, it is not possible to cover all species of birds or all contingencies, and the hints given here are based solely on our personal experiences, and particularly on those of my daughter, Jane, who seems to be particularly successful in handling and feeding young birds. Doubtless many other methods have been used that differ in detail from those described here. Human ingenuity, and a little practice, while remembering what would be happening to a young bird at a particular stage in the wild, usually suffice to bring success. There are, however, two rules that cannot be over-emphasised: don't feed white bread, and don't over-feed.

Apart from this, let the diet be as near the natural as possible, thus reducing the risk of rickets. I have known some devoted foster-parents, in hand-feeding the young of insectivorous birds, to spend long hours collecting the small soft-bodied insects they would be likely to receive from their natural parents. This is highly commendable, but mealworms will do as well, either whole, or, where necessary, crushed. Moreover, the cod-liver oil will take care of the vitamin need. When sufficiently advanced, that is, when fledged and hopping about, access to sunlight is desirable for sunbathing. This, and the subsequent preening of the irradiated feathers, will supply a natural vitamin, but earlier, with nidicolous birds, sunlight is not essential. We have to remember that these youngsters are brought up, in nature, in a shaded nest.



THE DIRECTED GAPE OF THE YOUNG CROW. THE TISSUES OF THE SOFT THROAT LIE BETWEEN THE TRIANGULAR GAP IN THE ROOF OF THE MOUTH, ORNAMENTED WITH PAPILLÆ, AND THE TRIANGULAR TONGUE LYING WELL FORWARD IN THE FRONT ANGLE OF THE LOWER MANDIBLE.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

are, however, due to over-feeding. One has to ignore the young birds' constant appeals for food, by gaping and cheeping, and feed each hour, increasing this to 1½ to 2 hours as the youngsters grow. The amount given at each feed will be governed by the young bird itself,

FROM SCOTLAND, LONDON AND READING: NEWS OF ART AND ARCHITECTURE.



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE NEW FORTH ROAD BRIDGE, WORK ON THE FOUNDATIONS AND MAIN PIERS OF WHICH IS ABOUT TO START.

On August 16 it was announced that the Forth Road Bridge Joint Board has placed a £2,500,000 contract for the first phase of the new Forth Road Bridge with John Howard and Company, Ltd. The new bridge will have a span of 3300 ft. between the main piers.



"THE LABOURS OF HERCULES": F. H. COVENTRY'S MOSAIC MURAL—MEASURING 8 FT. BY 40 FT.—AT THE NEW CENTRAL OFFICE OF INFORMATION BUILDING.

(Above.)

WITH THE LARGE MOSAIC MURAL DESIGNED BY F. H. COVENTRY AT ITS MAIN ENTRANCE: THE NEW CENTRAL OFFICE OF INFORMATION BUILDING, HERCULES ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

At the main entrance of the new Central Office of Information Building, Hercules Road, Lambeth, is this impressive mural in mosaic designed by F. H. Coventry. The colours, on a white ground, are venetian red, light red, black, stone, blue, green and a little gold. The new building, into which the C.O.I. moved in May, was designed by R. N. Wakelin, F.R.I.B.A.

(Right.)

RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN A PUBLIC HOUSE AT BROMLEY, KENT: FOUR OF A GROUP OF PAINTED PANELS, NOW IN A LOAN EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH POPULAR ART AT THE MUSEUM OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE, READING UNIVERSITY.

These four panels belong to a group of about twenty (mostly measuring 5 ft. 4 ins. by 2 ft.) discovered and saved during the demolition of an eighteenth-century coaching inn, formerly in the Market Square, at Bromley. They are believed to be of the early eighteenth century, and are to be seen in the exhibition at Reading until December.



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MISS ROSIE BOOTE OF THE GAIETY: THE LATE LADY HEADFORT.

Rose Marchioness of Headfort, widow of the fourth Marquess, died on August 17, aged eighty. At the turn of the century she was the toast of the town during her brief but successful stage career as Miss Rosie Boote at the old Gaiety Theatre. She retired from the stage on her marriage in 1901. In 1900 she made her name at the Gaiety in the part of Isabel Blyth in "The Messenger Boy," in which she sang "Maisie."



A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST DIES: MR. L. A. G. STRONG.

Mr. L. A. G. Strong, the well-known novelist, died aged sixty-two on August 17. He made his reputation as a novelist after a period as a schoolmaster. He was also a poet of distinction and writer of *belles lettres*, and was a director of Methuen and Co., the publishers, and a visiting lecturer of the Central School of Speech and Drama. He was educated at Brighton and at Wadham College, Oxford.



THE NEW PRINCIPAL OF ASHRIDGE COLLEGE: MAJ.-GEN. ESTCOURT.

Maj.-Gen. E. N. K. Estcourt, formerly Deputy Commandant of the N.A.T.O. Defence College, has taken up his appointment as the new Principal of Ashridge College, Herts., it was announced on August 17. Ten prominent industrialists have joined the governing body and courses on management development are being planned as an addition to the previous activities of the College.



ARCHAEOLOGY IN INDIA: THE LATE SIR JOHN MARSHALL.

Sir John Hubert Marshall, who was Director-General of Archaeology in India from 1902 until 1931, died on August 17 aged eighty-two. Educated at Dulwich and King's College, Cambridge, where he was Porson prizeman in 1898, he had taken part in excavations in Crete before going to India, where he played an important part in the conservation of ancient monuments and did much exploratory work.



(Left.) **A SECOND TRANS-POLAR SUBMARINER: CDR. JAMES CALVERT.** Cdr. James Calvert captained the United States nuclear submarine *Skate*, which—it was announced on August 12—crossed the North Pole shortly after *Nautilus*. *Skate* surfaced at an ice opening some 40 miles from the Pole, which she had reached from the Atlantic side, to signal that the crossing had been made.



AT WIMBLEDON: THE R.A.F. TEAM WHO WON THE SERVICES ANNUAL LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP — THE R.A.F.'S FOURTH SUCCESSIVE VICTORY. The R.A.F. retained the Services lawn tennis championship at Wimbledon on August 12. Above are, standing, l. to r., A/C. R. W. Dixon, F/O. G. A. Cass, P/O. H. E. Truman; seated, l. to r., A/C. A. Mills, F/O. G. D. Owen (captain), and P/O. J. A. Nicholls.

(Right.) **A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH PHYSICIST: THE LATE PROF. JOLIOT-CURIE.**

Prof. Frédéric Joliot-Curie, the French physicist, who started his scientific career as an assistant to Mme. Curie and married her daughter, Irène, died on Aug. 14, aged fifty-eight. In 1935 he and his wife were jointly awarded a Nobel Prize. His wife, whose parents discovered radium, died in 1956.



(Right.) **A U.S. AIR-CRASH VICTIM: MR. G. DEAN, A FORMER NUCLEAR OFFICIAL.**

Mr. Gordon Dean, former Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission of the United States, was one of the twenty-two people killed when a *Convair* crashed in fog just short of the runway on Nantucket Island, off the coast of Massachusetts, on August 16. He was appointed by Mr. Truman.



(Left.) **ELECTION OF THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL: DR. O. S. TOMKINS.** The nomination of the Rev. Oliver Stratford Tomkins, Warden of Lincoln Theological College and Prebendary and Canon of Asgarby in Lincoln Cathedral, for election as Bishop of Bristol has been approved by the Queen, it was announced recently. Dr. Tomkins was educated at Nottingham and Cambridge.



ON A VISIT TO LONDON: THE RULER OF QATAR.

The Ruler of Qatar, Ali bin Abdullah al Thani, arrived in London on August 13 for a four-day visit to Britain as the guest of the Government. On the following day he paid a courtesy call to No. 10, Downing Street, where he saw Mr. Macmillan. Qatar, one of the Persian Gulf States, supplies a considerable amount of oil to the United Kingdom. The Ruler arrived here from Geneva.



ON A BOMB CHARGE IN AMMAN: NADIA SALT, A GRADUATE OF BEIRUT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, WHO WAS ACCUSED OF CARRYING EXPLOSIVES IN HER HANDBAG. On August 13 the trial opened in Amman of five people, including a nineteen-year-old girl student, Nadia Salti, charged with having been concerned in two recent bomb explosions in the capital. Three of the four others accused, who include Nadia Salti's fiancé, are also seen in this photograph. They all faced charges which carry the death penalty.



KILLED IN A CAR CRASH: MR. BONAR COLLEANO.

Mr. Bonar Colleano, the American-born stage and film actor, was killed in a car accident at Birkenhead on August 17. He was thirty-five and at the time of his death had been appearing in a comedy in Liverpool. Born in New York as Bonar William Sullivan, as a child he performed at the circus with his family. In 1949 he played opposite Miss Vivien Leigh in "A Streetcar Named Desire."

HER MAJESTY IN SCOTLAND; AND PRINCESS MARGARET'S RETURN.



AT ROTHESAY CASTLE: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY LORD ROBERT CRICHTON-STUART, WAVING TO ONLOOKERS. BEHIND HER MAJESTY IS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



SHELTERING UNDER UMBRELLAS: PRINCESS MARGARET, ARRIVING HOME FROM HER CANADIAN TOUR, WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WHO WELCOMED HER AT LONDON AIRPORT.



AT DUNOON: THE QUEEN RECEIVING A RED ROSE FROM THE CAPTAIN OF DUNSTAFFNAGE. THE ROSE IS THE TRADITIONAL "RENT" FOR DUNOON CASTLE.



AT THE ENTRANCE TO ROTHESAY CASTLE: THE QUEEN BEING PRESENTED WITH A GOLD KEY BY THE MARQUESS OF BUTE, HEREDITARY KEEPER OF THE CASTLE.

When Princess Margaret returned home from her tour of Canada on August 12, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was at London Airport to welcome her daughter. There was a heavy downpour of rain and the Princess and the Queen Mother had to shelter under umbrellas. The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh and their children, were on board the Royal yacht *Britannia*, in which they had left Southampton on August 7 for a twelve-day cruise off the west coast of Scotland. On August 11 the Queen and the Duke visited the Clyde coast resorts of Dunoon, Rothesay and Campbeltown. At Dunoon the

Queen was presented with a red rose from the Duke of Argyll's gardens at Inveraray Castle, by the Captain of Dunstaffnage, Mr. Michael Eaden Campbell. The ceremony of the presentation of the rose, the traditional "rent" for Dunoon Castle, dates back to 1472. The Queen and the Duke then re-embarked in the Royal yacht for Rothesay, where they were received on landing by Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart, her Majesty's Lieutenant for Bute. After lunching privately with Lord and Lady Bute at Mount Stuart House, the Queen and the Duke rejoined *Britannia* and sailed to Campbeltown.

FROM KUIBYSHEV TO CHICAGO: NEWS EVENTS FROM MANY COUNTRIES.



IN THE SOVIET UNION: RIVER PASSENGER VESSELS MOVING THROUGH A LOCK ON THE VOLGA AT KUIBYSHEV AFTER MR. KRUSHCHEV OPENED AN IMPORTANT NEW HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM THERE ON AUGUST 10.



THE K.L.M. SUPER-CONSTELLATION AIRLINER "HUGO DE GROOT" BEFORE IT CRASHED IN THE ATLANTIC WITH THE LOSS OF 99 LIVES.

The K.L.M. Super-Constellation "Hugo de Groot" crashed in the Atlantic off the coast of Ireland with the loss of 99 lives on August 14. At the time of writing, 34 bodies had been found and the inquiry into the cause of the crash was continuing.



THE NATIONALISING OF COLOMBO PORT: MR. BANDARANAIKE, THE PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON, ADDRESSING DOCKWORKERS AT ONE OF THE QUAYS OF THE PORT DURING A NATIONALISATION CEREMONY RECENTLY.



IN MOROCCO ON AUGUST 4: KING MOHAMMED V RECEIVING THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO HIS COUNTRY, M. PARODI, AND M. JOXE, THE SPECIAL ENVOY OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, FOR DISCUSSIONS ON POLITICAL AFFAIRS.



AFTER THE GUN BATTLE IN THE HUNGARIAN LEGATION IN BERNE: SANDOR NAGY, SERIOUSLY WOUNDED, IS TAKEN AWAY IN A SWISS AMBULANCE. SANDOR NAGY AND ENDRE PAPP (R.) ARE FORMER HUNGARIAN "FREEDOM FIGHTERS."

On August 16 two former Hungarian "freedom fighters," Sandor Nagy and Endre Papp, fought a gun battle against the staff of the Hungarian Legation in Berne. They were later taken from the Legation, one of them being seriously wounded, by the Swiss police. According to a Hungarian protest, the incident was due to Swiss tolerance of anti-Communist organisations, but this accusation was vigorously rejected by the Swiss Government.



ENDRE PAPP BEING LED AWAY AFTER THE SHOOTING AT THE HUNGARIAN LEGATION, BERNE, BY SWISS POLICE. THE HUNGARIAN ACCUSATION THAT SWITZERLAND WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INCIDENT WAS FIRMLY REJECTED.



HOSPITALISATION WITH A DIFFERENCE: A DEMONSTRATION OF A BEDSIDE AID SYSTEM AT THE WESLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, CHICAGO, WHEREBY THE PATIENT CAN OPERATE TELEVISION, DRAW THE CURTAINS, SWITCH ON THE LIGHTS, ADJUST THE BED, SUMMON A NURSE, AND OTHERWISE ENHANCE HER COMFORT WITHOUT MOVING FROM THE BED.

A VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AIRCRAFT; STORM OVER STROMA; AND THE CITY TEMPLE.



STORM OVER STROMA: THE POST OFFICE ON THE WIND-SWEPT SCOTTISH ISLAND OF STROMA WHICH WAS TO HAVE BEEN AN AMERICAN T.V. PROGRAMME PRIZE.

A storm broke out over Stroma—the tiny Scottish island off the coast of Caithness—when it was reported that the island was to be offered as a prize in the American "Bid 'n' Buy" television quiz programme. The owner, Mr. J. C. Hoyland, a Yorkshire business man, has been offering the island for sale for some time. On August 18 it was announced in New York that the producers and sponsors of the T.V. programme had decided not to continue with their plan of offering the island as a prize because of "Scottish and British protests."

(Right.)
HOVERING WHILE TETHERED IN THE TEST GANTRY AT BELFAST: THE SHORT SC.1 JET-POWERED VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING RESEARCH AIRCRAFT.

It was announced on August 14 that the Short SC.1 V.T.O.L. research aircraft, the jet-powered vertical take-off aircraft, had begun untethered hovering trials in its test gantry at Belfast. The aircraft had then made some twenty take-offs to a height of several feet and had hovered and landed under complete control. The aircraft rises and descends entirely under the power of its vertical-lift engines. At this phase of the trials the aircraft's zone of flight within the gantry superstructure is still determined by a system of cables. According to present arrangements the SC.1 will be on view to the public at the S.B.A.C. display at Farnborough next month.



ON THE TINY ISLAND OF STROMA, WHICH HAS A POPULATION OF ONLY EIGHTEEN: MISS WARES SORTING SOME LETTERS IN THE POST OFFICE.



REBUILT AND NOW REOPENED FOR SERVICES: THE CITY TEMPLE ON HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, SHOWING A VIEW OF THE SANCTUARY FROM THE GALLERY.



ON SUNDAY AUGUST 17: PART OF THE CONGREGATION LEAVING AFTER ATTENDING THE FIRST SERVICE IN THE REBUILT CITY TEMPLE.

The first service to be held in the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, since it was bombed in 1941, took place on August 17. The church, which was filled for the reopening service, has been rebuilt during the last four years at a cost of £430,000.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

UNDER A DANCING STAR.

By J. C. TREWIN.



NEXT week I shall meet "Much Ado About Nothing" for perhaps the fiftieth time: I speak cautiously, for my list of productions is several hundred miles from here. To-night it is a pleasure to think of the comedy less than a quarter of a mile from the place where I first read it in a far, but still vivid, past.

This was on what may still be known as a sward—I believe *Punch* called one of Tree's productions "swardy." It is, for me, a carpet of the mossiest velvet turf, stretched tightly above the grandest cliffs in the south-west of England. Fortunately, not many people—with a pen-knife and a curious itch for advertisement—are now carving their names in the turf; the place is lonely at nights. It was lonely enough on those early-autumn days when I would dodge out from our garden terrace, not far from the cliff and its turf-carpet, and find a cranny, sheltered from the wind, that looked across to the sculptured rocks and the headland beyond them.

I could not see the beach on which I am writing this. It was set just out of sight, a frightening place in its way, but immensely exhilarating on a sunny afternoon when the great rollers smashed in across a pebble-bed, with a driving, harrying, pounding noise that seemed never to repeat itself. The beach has not changed: a little less sand, maybe, a few more glistening boulders. To-night it is deserted. The foam is still curling and smoking in those wool-white skeins; rollers still skittle the stones; and that might be the same piece of sodden driftwood—brought back to me across close on forty years—that now lurches in at every sixth glass-green wave.

With such sea-sounds, sea-sights as these, for ever as a background, my early readings of Shakespeare could be curiously muddled. Behind that garden in Messina, baked in Sicilian sun, there sounded for me the tides of Kynance, of Pentreath, of Housel. I remember thinking, when I read the comedy first, that it was a decidedly dull business. What could Shakespeare have been about? Dogberry and Verges were funny enough, of course; but the plot was feeble and the characters affected. With the resolution of a boy of nine, I decided that it was ado about nothing indeed, and turned with a fresh relish to the horrors of "Titus" and the Levantine adventuring of "Pericles."

It was a decade before I found the play in the theatre. "Much Ado" was not a staple of the provincial tours. Although Shakespeare in those days was splendidly served throughout the provinces, Beatrice and Benedick had no chance in any of the six or seven classical companies that came from time to time to my first big theatre: seventy miles or so up-country from the southern sward. When at last I met "Much Ado," it was at the endeared cinema in Greenhill Street (gondolas in moonlight on its walls) where the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival took place during the years between the destruction of the first theatre and the opening of the second.

There were some exceptional performances in Greenhill Street. I have long ceased to say anything when I am told, with amiable dogmatism, that there was no Festival to speak of at Stratford before, say, 1946. The way in which fashion has "discovered" Stratford has been mildly amusing. Back, then, to 1929: W. Bridges-Adams, most

civilised of Shakespearean directors, was always fond of "Much Ado," and this birthday revival of 1929—the Birthday Play is something Stratford ought to bring back—had various performances that I remember with gratitude: among them, Wilfrid Walter's Benedick, Roy

Byford's massive Dogberry, and the Don Pedro of Eric Maxon. Wilfrid Walter died only a few weeks ago. In his prime, as both the Old Vic and Stratford knew, he was a superbly dominating actor. His physique helped him. Few Shakespearians of our time have had a more pictorial presence. A Canadian newspaper, during one of the Stratford tours, described him without noticeable hyperbole as "six feet of bone and sinew, with a musical bass voice, sparkling eyes, and flashing white teeth."

Benedick was a part he enjoyed: no one I remember has fought the Merry War with precisely Walter's relish. After this production—which was the Jubilee play at Stratford, where "Much Ado" had begun the Festival seasons in 1879—the comedy became very familiar. It

was often at Stratford: London saw relatively little of it (though Ainley and Madge Titheradge had done it in the West End during the mid-twenties) until the Gielgud production, also born at Stratford. But I managed, nevertheless, to pick up some surprising performances: one at the Old Vic, with the Benedick of Maurice Evans, in which the director unwisely gave unfortunate licence to his designer (the backcloths for the Watch were whimsicality at its worst); a Donat revival at the Aldwych; some productions in the open air; and a Bristol Old Vic modern-dress experiment from which I now recall William Devlin's Dogberry entering on a bicycle.

The play by now is so familiar, every comma of it, that I wonder how the critic of forty years ago could have regarded it sternly when he sat upon his sward in a waning October afternoon. One knows the famous problems in performance: the inevitable flatness of the second Arbour scene that comes immediately after the gulling of Benedick, and the need in the Church scene to check that fatal laugh on "Kill Claudio"—"Ha! not for the wide world." Personally, I wait always for a moment in the first scene when the prose flowers, of a sudden, into verse, and for Leonato's speech in the Church after Hero's rejection. Few players have done much with "Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing Cry shame upon him?", though the speech, with its later chiming

on the word "mine," has a strongly compelling rhythm and drive.

No doubt, at Stratford-upon-Avon next week—when Douglas Seale is directing the play, with Michael Redgrave and Googie Withers in the merry war—I shall find myself recalling some of the oddities of the text. I shall ask again what happened to Leonato's wife Innogen, mentioned in a Quarto stage direction but wholly ignored in the play: Shakespeare probably left in her name carelessly when he was re-modelling an old comedy. Then, too, there is the matter of Francis Seacoal, "learned writer," the Sexton, who has nothing whatever to do with George Seacoal, Second Watchman, even though George "can write and read."

But these are the most minor things. The play, like its Beatrice, was born under a dancing star. It is a dance of words, a zestful, flashing dance. "Much Ado" skims across the stage. But there is more in it than this dancing wit. A. B. Walkley, reviewing the Lyceum performance of 1891, spoke finely of "one composite picture of the multifarious, seething, fermenting life, the polychromatic phantasmagoria of the Renaissance. Like some quaint book of the time, with a quaint title, some *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, or like some vast crowded canvas of the time—the great marriage-piece, say, of Veronese in the Salon Carré of the Louvre—"Much Ado About Nothing" is an Inn of Strange Meetings."

An Inn of Strange Meetings: what could well be better than that? But I can hardly say that my younger self, watching an embered sun sink into the ocean behind the Rill Head, would have



PLAYERS IN A MUSICAL WHICH ENTERED ITS FIFTH YEAR AT THE VAUDEVILLE ON AUGUST 5: JANE (VIRGINIA VERNON) AND "THE TRAMP" (LLOYD PEARSON) IN JULIAN SLADE'S "SALAD DAYS," WHICH HAS ALREADY BEEN SEEN BY OVER A MILLION PEOPLE.



"FAWN NOT ON ME, FRENCH STRUMPET, GET THEE GONE!": GAVESTON, ISABEL AND EDWARD II IN A SCENE FROM CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE'S "EDWARD II" AT THE UNIVERSITY OPEN AIR THEATRE, AT AVONBANK GARDENS, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

The Marlowe Society of Cambridge University, now celebrating their fiftieth anniversary, presented Marlowe's "Edward II" during the third week of the open-air Summer Festival in the University Open Air Theatre at Avonbank Gardens, Stratford-upon-Avon, from August 11-16. The play was produced by Toby Robertson and the players were anonymous.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE ELDER STATESMAN" (Lyceum, Edinburgh).—T. S. Eliot's new play begins the Edinburgh Festival, twelfth of the line. It is directed by E. Martin Browne, and Paul Rogers and Anna Massey have the leading parts. (August 25.)

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—The last production of the current Festival is directed by Douglas Seale. Michael Redgrave and Googie Withers are the Benedick and Beatrice. (August 26.)

thought of "Much Ado" in just those terms. I remember him saying to himself, in effect, as he moved home towards the garden hedge and the high-grassed lawn, that there was nothing in it, nothing at all. Since then he has repented in every available variety of sackcloth and ashes. And to-night—without the conventional uniform—he repents again.

FROM THE COMET IV TO A BALLET EXHIBITION: A HOME NEWS MISCELLANY.



AFTER SETTING UP A NEW UNOFFICIAL RECORD FOR A TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT: A B.O.A.C. COMET IV ABOUT TO TOUCH-DOWN AT HATFIELD.



MR. F. GREATREX, OF ROLLS-ROYCE, RIGHT, WITH GROUP CAPTAIN CUNNINGHAM, POINTS TO THE COMET IV'S SILENCERS, WHICH HE DESIGNED. Following noise tests at Idlewild Airport, New York, a B.O.A.C. de Havilland Comet IV set up a new unofficial record when it flew from New York to Hatfield, Herts., in just under 6½ hours at an approximate average speed of 550 m.p.h. The previous best time, set up by a Bristol Britannia, was 7 hours 44 minutes.



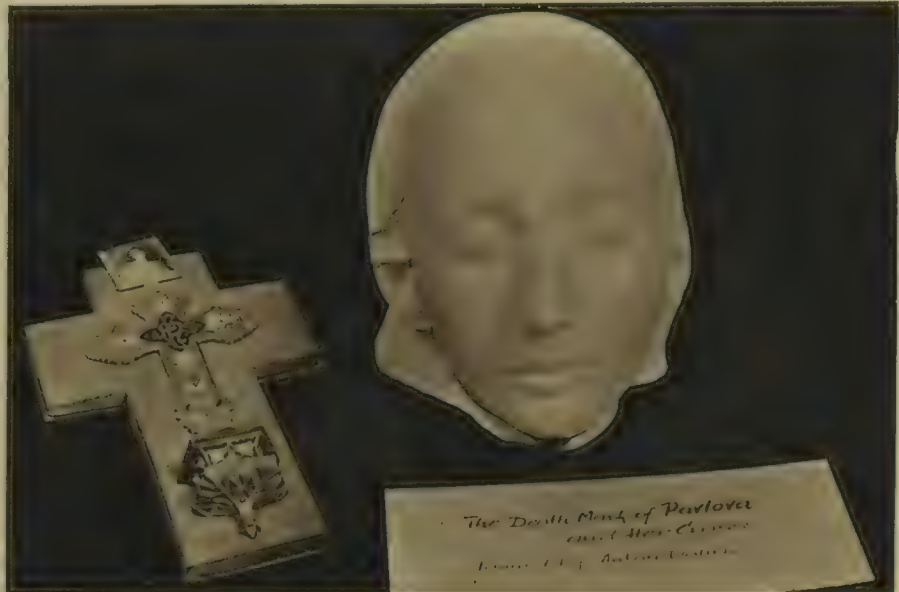
AFTER THE DERAILMENT AT BOROUGH MARKET JUNCTION, WHICH CAUSED WIDESPREAD TRAVEL CHAOS: ONE OF THE DERAILED COACHES BEING REMOVED. The derailment early on August 12 of two coaches at Borough Market Junction—one of London's busiest junctions—upset travelling arrangements for thousands of passengers. The lines to Charing Cross, Waterloo (eastern) and Cannon Street were affected and were not cleared until some 13 hours later.



AN ALADDIN'S CAVE IN THE CITY OF LONDON: MR. L. LANGFORD, LEFT, AND HIS SON EXAMINE SHEFFIELD PLATE DISCOVERED IN A VAULT. Hundreds of pieces of Sheffield plate, thought to be of considerable value, were discovered recently by Mr. Barry Langford in a boarded-up vault in premises in Charterhouse Street. The premises were recently bought by his father's firm of antique silver dealers and the discovery was made during restoration work. The premises previously belonged to a firm of silversmiths. Paintings, prints and cut-glass articles were also found.



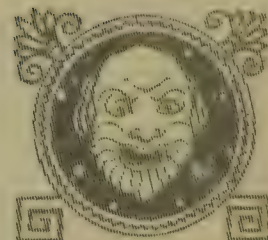
THE WATER BUFFALO, A GIANT CRAWLER TRACTOR CAPABLE OF OPERATING ON SWAMPS, WHICH WAS RECENTLY SHIPPED FROM BRITAIN TO CANADA FOR OILFIELD USE AND IS REMINISCENT OF THE WATER BUGGY, ILLUSTRATED IN OUR LAST ISSUE.



AT A BALLET EXHIBITION IN LONDON: THE DEATH MASK, AND CROSS, OF PAVLOVA. The death mask of Pavlova, and her Cross, were among the more remarkable exhibits in "The Ballet Exhibition," which is primarily concerned with London's Festival Ballet and which opened at the Army and Navy Stores on August 14. Also to be seen at the time was the exhibition of English Ballet at White Lodge, Richmond Park.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



ALMOST EXCITING

By ALAN DENT.

WHETHER in the cinema or in the theatre I am still able, thank the powers, to be easily illuded! When the Moscow Art Theatre the other day gave us that wonderful thunderstorm in "Uncle Vanya," I was totally convinced that it was a storm, and had no thought whatever of miraculously competent effects-men in the wings and at the back of the scenery. Similarly at the cinema I have no shame at being easily deceived or alarmed, and when backgrounds are reasonably well simulated, I do not question them. For example, I have no exact idea what "back projection" means, though I vaguely understand that it is the technical device by which a background is suggested—filled with mountains, or elephants, or armies—which is not really there. For me it is—when, I repeat, reasonably well simulated—really there: and so I enjoy myself like a small boy—without the pestiferous questionings of a small boy!

My colleagues all tell me that a good deal of "back-projecting," and the like, has gone to the making of "Harry Black," an exciting film about a man-eating tiger which runs well away with the film, with Stewart Granger and Anthony Steel and Barbara Rush running desperately after it. They tell me, too, that the tiger scenes are all done with mirrors—or, at least, with plate-glass. I care not how they are done. For me, this tiger really does enter an alarmed Indian village whose inhabitants—all but one unfortunate woman and her babe—are behind closed doors. For me, too, this tiger really is cornered at last in the dark cave in which Harry Black rounds it up, with a torch in one hand and a gun in the other. The film-critic of *The Manchester Guardian*—the one critic with whom I most consistently agree—allows the tiger-scenes of this film to be "amazing."

took one of Captain Ahab's, or as the crocodile made a morsel of one of Captain Hook's hands—we might be more convinced by his obsession. But instead of this we are told merely that he lost the leg "as a result of war-wounds." On the whole, the nicest thing about Harry is his

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



THE TIGER IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S "HARRY BLACK."

In making his feline choice this week, Alan Dent writes: "By far the most exciting performance in the two films under review this week comes from this convincingly savage tiger which deserves a place in the cast (without being granted one) of 'Harry Black'—a 20th Century-Fox film directed by Hugo Fregonese. On and off this tiger is seen 'burning bright' throughout a film which lapses into triteness on the occasions when it is not to be seen prowling fiercely around. 'Harry Black' also contains Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush, Anthony Steel, and I. S. Johar (giving a most engaging performance as an Indian trapper)."

assistant trapper, an Indian called Bapu, and in this part a native actor called I. S. Johar gives us by far the most tolerable human being in the cast. Bapu's chief idea of Heaven is a sip from his

master's flask containing what he calls "whisky wine." One sip of this elixir is to him a day's reward; two sips are a double bliss; three make a triple ecstasy.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE WIND CANNOT READ" (Rank. Generally Released: August 11).—A far-flung and fairly high-flown romance between Dirk Bogarde as a British airman and Yoko Tani as a Japanese girl who loves him to her bitter and tragic end. It happens chiefly in Old Delhi, but there are also some strikingly beautiful shots of the Taj Mahal at Agra.

"A NIGHT TO REMEMBER" (Rank. Generally Released: August 18).—This shows, with superlative power and vividness, exactly how the unsinkable *Titanic* came to sink on its maiden voyage on an April night in 1912. In all ways remarkable.

"NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS" (Warner Bros. Generally Released: August 18).—Andy Griffiths, a delightful comedian, redeems some low jinks in the American Army.

Even more exciting up to a point—though, alas, the point comes half-way through the film!—is "Vertigo," which is the latest work of that old master, Alfred Hitchcock. The action of this takes place in San Francisco and neighbourhood—one of the most exhilarating cities and neighbourhoods in the entire globe so far as I know. For a great part of the tale that "Vertigo" tells we are face to face with James Stewart, who is sitting in his car professionally—as a detective—trailing Kim Novak, who is sitting in hers. Miss Novak plays a young married woman obsessed with her great-great-grandmother, who committed suicide in San Francisco's early days. Miss Novak has to take flowers to this ancestress's grave, mope around the cemetery she lies in, sit gazing at her portrait in the picture-gallery, haunt the old hotel the unhappy lady used to stay in, and generally behave in a highly morbid, eccentric, and peculiar manner.

In the end—or, rather, in the middle—this obsessed young lady meets her detective and falls in love with him (or appears to). He is by no means averse to this turn of events until she suddenly runs up a tower and commits suicide (or appears to). He is unable to prevent this because he gets an attack of vertigo when he runs up, or even walks up, any kind of a tower. It is incumbent upon me not to divulge any more of this story, since it is a "thriller" of the sort which Mr. Hitchcock always handles with an uncanny expertise. But there seems no harm in divulging that, for me at least, the second half of this film thrills me less and less because its happenings grow less and less credible. His authors seem to me to have let him down not only with a bump, but with a series of bumps. But the bumps certainly do not begin until the very long film is half-over.

Mr. Stewart's expressive face—a great deal more expressive than Miss Novak's, by the way—



A DRAMATIC SCENE FROM JAMES HITCHCOCK'S "VERTIGO" (PARAMOUNT): JOHN FERGUSON (JAMES STEWART) HAS RESCUED MADEIRAINE (KIM NOVAK) FROM SAN FRANCISCO BAY, WHERE SHE HAD ATTEMPTED SUICIDE. (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, AUGUST 7.)

But the humans, when not actually in pursuit of the tiger, have a disconcertingly trite little story to tell—of Mr. Granger as a one-legged trapper, of Mr. Steel as an old friend who is a bit of a coward on the quiet, and of Miss Rush who has married the coward but has some lingering doubts as to whether or not she should have married the trapper, who still loves her, but not quite so much as he loves "the bottle." These three favourite players do all they can with this humdrum plot. The self-consolings of Harry Black himself are particularly hard to bear patiently. The trouble is that he does not seem really "dedicated"—a horribly overdone word these days, but there it is!—to tiger-shooting. If the tiger had already devoured one of Harry's legs—as the White Whale



SEARCHING FOR THE MAN-EATING TIGER IN A CAVE: A SCENE FROM "HARRY BLACK," WITH HARRY BLACK (STEWART GRANGER) AND BAPU (I. S. JOHAR). (LONDON PREMIERE: CARLTON, HAYMARKET, JULY 24.)

is a great help throughout. And the film would not be a Hitchcock if it did not have its exciting moments. I wish I could pretend that these compensate for the chaotically incredible final half-hour. The illusion that we are falling off a tower in the middle, and again at the end, is not really convincing even for this onlooker who is so easily illuded. But the illusion that we are in San Francisco is altogether more successful. It is, in fact, triumphant. For there before our eyes are the Mark Hopkins Hotel, and the Embarcadero, and the wonderful bay with its haughty bridge, and the steep hills with their alarming little trams. This simply is San Francisco, and the illusion is therefore complete and enchanting—since it has turned into reality.

STRESS AND STRAIN IN STOCKS AND SHARES: SCENES IN BOMBAY'S STOCK EXCHANGE.



DISCUSSING THE DAY'S BUSINESS IN RELATIVE PEACE: GROUPS OF BROKERS OUTSIDE THE MAIN HALL OF THE BOMBAY STOCK EXCHANGE.



ON A DAY ON WHICH MR. NEHRU'S GOVERNMENT HAD ANNOUNCED CHANGES IN TEXTILE TAXES: THE CROWDED SCENE ON THE FLOOR OF BOMBAY'S STOCK EXCHANGE.



IN THE THICK OF THE THROG: A GROUP OF EXCITED JOBBERS AND BROKERS—SOME OF THEM USING THE LEATHER STRAPS ATTACHED TO IRON RAILS TO SAVE THEMSELVES FROM BEING PUSHED OR PULLED OFF THEIR STANDS.

On the day when these photographs were taken there was a temperature of 104 degrees in Bombay. To add to the heat of the occasion Mr. Nehru's Government had just announced changes in textile taxes, affecting the textile shares which form a large portion of the business on Bombay Stock Exchange. However, the scene on the floor of Bombay's Stock Exchange is never very calm at the best of times, and provides a striking contrast to the comparatively



FRANTICALLY TRYING TO MAKE THEIR DEALS IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT: A SEETHING MASS OF BOMBAY JOBBERS AND BROKERS.



SIGNALLING PRICES AND DEALS TO STOCKBROKERS WORKING IN THEIR OFFICES AND KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH CLIENTS BY TELEPHONE: TIC-TAC MEN ON THE BOMBAY STOCK EXCHANGE.

funereal atmosphere of London's Stock Exchange. In order to keep their places during moments of tension the jobbers have leather straps attached to iron rails, which they clutch grimly to prevent themselves from being pushed or pulled off their stands. Further liveliness is added to the scene by the tic-tac men who frantically signal prices and deals to brokers watching them from windows on an upper floor as they telephone their clients.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

MOST people probably have an intense hearsay dislike of *somewhere*; there is some country to which wild horses wouldn't drag them. And mine is Mexico. It invariably sounds ghastly, and has never inspired an attractive story to my knowledge; very properly not, of course. And "*They Came to Cordura*," by Glendon Swarthout (Heinemann; 15s.), is, in a graphic, businesslike way, as Mexican as they come.

It is a fictitious anecdote, grafted on the historical Punitive Expedition of 1916. General Pershing's troops are chasing round the desert after Francisco Villa, in revenge for his surprise attack on Columbus; and Major Thorn is the Awards Officer—the finder of heroes. Ironically, since during the attack he lost his nerve and hid in a drain, and this assignment is a form of hushing-up. But just for that reason, he makes a Grail of it. Courage above and beyond duty is the Mystery; its possessors are the "golden race"; and now it is for him to locate them, try to learn their secret—and preserve them as sacrosanct. As the first one was killed right off, any others are to be withdrawn from action till their Award comes through. He had one other already; and the "lost, last charge" of American cavalry at Ojos Azules yields no fewer than four. Whereupon Thorn is sent off with them to base: a pariah, shepherding five golden souls—and an American "renegade," the Geary woman.

His bag of idols includes a subaltern, an N.C.O., a veteran private and two rookies. These two are the best; though they are not bright, and certainly not idealists, and one of them is psychotic, there is no real harm in them. Whereas the subaltern is a young weasel, the N.C.O. a ferocious thug, and the veteran a sewer-rat. And all this is plain to their minister from the very start. Presently they are ambushed and dismounted. And then the fun begins; or the Mexican substitute for fun, a season in hell. Thirst, exhaustion, typhoid, attempted rape, and much more than indiscipline—a growing, vindictive hatred of Thorn, because he won't cancel their citations, and will drive them on to Cordura. Finally at revolver-point, and sleepless; for Sergeant Chaw is waiting to dash his brains out. And yet he still worships; unawares, he has become not only a super-hero, but a confessor and martyr. . . .

There is something repulsive in his fixation, and in his very endurance; somehow, it is of a piece with the "heroes" and the hideous end. And I am not sure this was intended. But horror and all, it is vivid, superb storytelling.

OTHER FICTION.

"Ice Palace," by Edna Ferber (Gollancz; 16s.), has no story, and doesn't try. It is about Alaska—far more categorically than "Giant" was about Texas. That had things going on, and people something like life; this is an enormously fluent and incredibly glossy kind of romantic pamphlet. Though certainly with a heroine. Christine's mother gave birth to her in a caribou; her father was scalped by a bear; she has been brought up by two grandfathers and a universal aunt, and welcomes Very Distinguished Visitors in a white fox parka. Her appearance has "a tinge of incredibility," and her Arctic accomplishments are too numerous to mention. The two grandfathers are similarly outsize, and poles apart—one a latter-day robber baron, the other a Viking humanist-reformer. And they are all publicising Alaska all the time. Says the universal aunt, Bridie Ballantyne: "We're one-fifth the size of the whole United States, did you know that, now? And two times the size of that little bitty Texas they're always yawping about. . . . And what did it cost back there in '67 when that Seward pulled a fast one on Russia? Seven million dollars, can you fancy that! For the most wonderful darlingest richest chunk of land in the world. Seven million dollars! I could die laughing. . . ." Though one may be stunned by the professional vigour and torrent of speech, there are some bad moments.

"The Caves of Night," by John Christopher (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 13s. 6d.), will move all but potholers to surprise that there should be potholers. Henry, an English addict, has the caves of Frohnberg pretty much to himself, and is exploring them by degrees; this is the fifth summer for him and Cynthia. One afternoon they start on a little tour with Graf Frohnberg (newly repatriated) and an English honeymoon couple. These two cause a fall of rock; and the party must either drown *in situ* or try for a route under the mountain. It is a grisly jaunt; and a rather hackneyed personal drama is brought off by the liveliness of the figures, especially the young couple. Really outstanding.

"No Entry," by Manning Coles (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), brings Tommy Hambledon to Goslar-am-Harz, ten miles west of the Zonal Frontier, where the son of a Cabinet Minister has vanished. No funny business, however; George is only a nice young Oxford man who strolled into East Germany by mistake. He pounces on a distinguished agent—luckily a man of mystery—and proceeds to impersonate him on the other side. The Wire is a dramatic presence throughout, and the tale grim in its implications—but, as we expect and hope, completely enjoyable.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

RUSSIAN chess periodicals, as I told last week, are few in number, published by the Ministry of Sport only, unattractive journalistically, but technically superb.

It has always surprised me that the official chess magazine sells so poorly. Russia's chess players must number a million at the very least, but they buy only 35,000 copies a time. I am inclined to believe that chess is more of a game there than here, played more for the fun of it, and that the toiling chess masters and grand masters who burn the midnight oil in their desperate search for new variations, are not so typical of the general population as we think.

Undoubtedly the average British or American chess player reads more about the game, but probably plays much less, than his Russian counterpart. I feel that an attractively-produced chess magazine, endowed with all the resources of Western journalism, might easily attain a half-million circulation in the Soviet Union.

Chess Review (New York) gets down lower, with bright annotations to games, and five times as many pictures and diagrams as *Shakhmaty* from Moscow. I doubt whether its monthly sales now exceed 10,000. Naturally, it is a private enterprise; and it has many other such private enterprises to contend with.

When founded in 1933, *Chess Review* must have severely shaken the *American Chess Bulletin*, which was started by Herman Helms in 1904. Helms (incidentally an Englishman at that time and a keen cricketer) has personally tended the *A.C.B.* for fifty-four years. He is now well into his eighties but seems prepared to go on for ever. Publication each second month seems a little too staid to me, though, and I imagine it is mainly sentiment which is keeping the *Bulletin* alive.

In its turn, *Chess Review* must have been rather rocked by the arrival, in 1946, of *Chess Life*. This newspaper chess sheet, the official organ of a U.S. Chess Federation fighting hard for chess among the masses, soon trod heavily on the *Review's* toes when it began to deal in chess books, sets, boards, clocks and other requisites: which trade had always meant the difference between struggle and stability for the *Review* and obviously means the same for *Chess Life*.

From Iowa comes the *Chess Correspondent*, the organ of a correspondence chess club but (or perhaps "therefore," for postal chess players are extraordinarily steadfast in their attachment) at least as stable as any of the other publications we have named. After a few years' existence in duplicated form, it attained to print in 1941.

Yet another printed magazine, *Mid-West Chess News* and *Nebraska Chess Bulletin*, now twelve years old, owes its inception and continuance, we suspect, to one rabid enthusiast, Jack Spence, of Omaha. I can't help wondering what would happen if an enthusiast named Spenkevitch wished to start a chess magazine in Omsk. He would certainly have to apply for permission to do so, to the Ministry of Sport. His application would plod through a large number of offices in turn before finally coming to rest in some place remote and unknown.

Jack Spence just started! Of duplicated magazines, California has had one, sometimes two, since 1947. Sacramento has its own *Sacramento Chess News* also, regular as clockwork and now in its twelfth year. Columbus, Ohio and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, have "gone strong" with weeklies on similar lines for thirteen and sixteen years respectively. What an untidy yet attractive contrast all this is, to the regimentation in Russia!

The latest recruit to the ranks is *Leaves of Chess* (New York) which aspires, with illustrations, reproductions of historic chess documents, etc., to artistry which sometimes merges into preciosity. It recently acknowledged some donations as follows: "Sky bless you all! We kneel, withdraw, and are confused; but the more aware of the slow leavening of thought that brings this bounty in its train, and that works most inwardly and most urgently, when a man can listen and faintly hear, high on the towers of pageantry, a trumpet that calls him to the play." Well, it will be sad when poetry has no place for the Augustines, and perhaps American literature can do with a little reversion to a self-consciousness not wholly unreminiscent of Edgar Allan Poe!

the Finns, a tough but cheerful race, are coming into fashion. (I still, in retrospect, find the picture of your columnist, salmon-pink from the hottest room of the *sauna*, plunging lightly into the Baltic in a snowstorm unbelievable—but it happened and was delightful afterwards.) This odd variation on the Turkish bath is fully explained in Oswald Blakeston's "*Sun at Midnight*" (Blond; 21s.), the story of a holiday in Finland. This is a book written by an adventurous holidaymaker who will doubtless persuade others to follow his trail.

Fish leads me to two more little books in the "Fisherman's Choice" series, generally edited by Colin Willock: "*A Carp Water*" and "*A Snowdon Stream*," by "B.B." and W. H. Canaway respectively (Putnam; 10s. 6d. each). Just the thing to help anglers taking a fishing holiday in unfamiliar waters.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A U.S. INTERVENTION, KILLER WASPS, FINNS AND FISHES.

THE name of George Kennan has become one to conjure with. (This phrase always evokes, for me, a quick memory of sitting in the Queen's Hall and watching some of the more ingenious mystifications of Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant. The other type of conjuring, perhaps owing to vague associations with the Witch of Endor, appears to me as definitely "not quite nice.") However that may be, when it comes to American statesmen, I am not at all sure that I particularly want to do any conjuring. They write with enormous earnestness and at overwhelming length. In the second volume of his account of Soviet-American relations, "*The Decision to Intervene*" (Faber; 50s.), Mr. Kennan tops 500 pages. Yet this is a book well worth reading. It deals with a comparatively short period, that between the Brest-Litovsk Treaty of 1918, when Russia abandoned the war after the Communist Revolution, and the American decision later in the same year to send forces to North Russia. Was that decision wrong? Was Lenin really anxious to come to terms with the United States? Did the latter miss a great opportunity which was never to present itself again, and involve herself in a course of action which was, of itself, responsible for the apparently insoluble deadlock into which Soviet-American relations have degenerated to-day?

No unequivocal answer can ever be given to questions such as these. Nothing at that stage could, of course, have been done to stem the course of the Revolution (though previously it had more than once come within a hair's breadth of defeat). On the other hand, it seems even less likely that Lenin's hand would ever have been extended in genuine friendship. That is a lesson which most of the West has still to learn, and the Americans have been the slowest to learn it. In 1918, the opposing views were taken respectively by Colonel Robins, Chief of the American Red Cross Commission to Russia, and Mr. Summers, the American Consul-General in Moscow, the former, as one might expect, being the optimist, and the latter the pessimist. Mr. Kennan holds the balance nicely. It is as foolish, he thinks, to try to make pets of the Russians, as it is to attempt to destroy their régime by force. For him, President Wilson and the Administration of his day were carried away by the belief that what had been done in Russia could be undone. But Lenin's own policies should not have been so misunderstood. He made them clear, Mr. Kennan reminds readers. Finally, he blames the deficiencies of the American political system for the débâcle, "the congenital shallowness, philosophical and intellectual, of the approach to world problems that bubbled up from the fermentations of Washington; and the pervasive dilettantism in the execution of American policy." It is a formidable indictment.

So let us, as Walt Whitman would have liked, turn and live with the animals. Dr. Niko Tinbergen and his friends may well be described as "Curious Naturalists" (Country Life; 35s.), and his readers, of whom I am sure there will be many, will not refrain from murmuring "Curiouser and curiouser!" Patience is needed, as well as curiosity, for pioneer work in the field of natural history—also a certain amount of courageous sang-froid. For instance, when Dr. Tinbergen was observing the habits of killer wasps, or "bee-wolves," he installed himself in a densely-populated quarter of the colony, five yards or so from a group of about twenty-five nests. (It would not have been my own favourite choice of location!) Then, he writes: "Whenever I saw a wasp at work on a burrow, I caught it, and after a short, unequal struggle, adorned its back with one or two colour dots (using quickly-drying enamel paint) and released it." Not, I should have said, the way to make friends and influence wasps, but it seems that I am wrong, because the operation, says Dr. Tinbergen, transformed the wasps into personal acquaintances. The full range of his acquaintance is really much wider. It includes moths and butterflies; kittiwakes; eider ducks—"You can't believe that Eider Ducks are true till you see them"—and huskies. Although not quite up to the standard of the incomparable "King Solomon's Ring," by Lorenz, this book does not lag far behind. The author manages to infect his readers with his own enthusiasm.

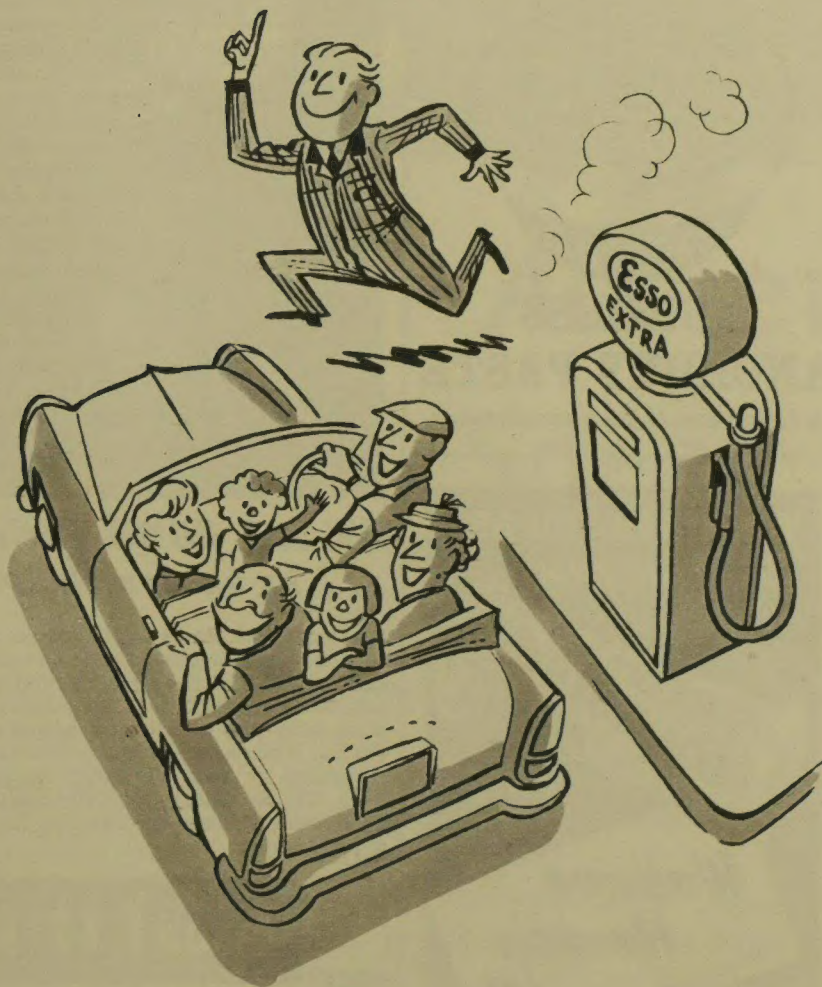
With the establishment of a *sauna* in London, the Finns, a tough but cheerful race, are coming into fashion. (I still, in retrospect, find the picture of your columnist, salmon-pink from the hottest room of the *sauna*, plunging lightly into the Baltic in a snowstorm unbelievable—but it happened and was delightful afterwards.) This odd variation on the Turkish bath is fully explained in Oswald Blakeston's "*Sun at Midnight*" (Blond; 21s.), the story of a holiday in Finland. This is a book written by an adventurous holidaymaker who will doubtless persuade others to follow his trail.

Fish leads me to two more little books in the "Fisherman's Choice" series, generally edited by Colin Willock: "*A Carp Water*" and "*A Snowdon Stream*," by "B.B." and W. H. Canaway respectively (Putnam; 10s. 6d. each). Just the thing to help anglers taking a fishing holiday in unfamiliar waters.

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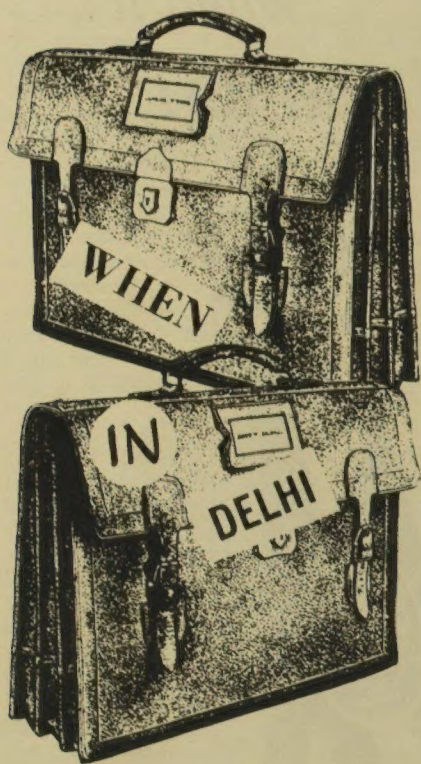
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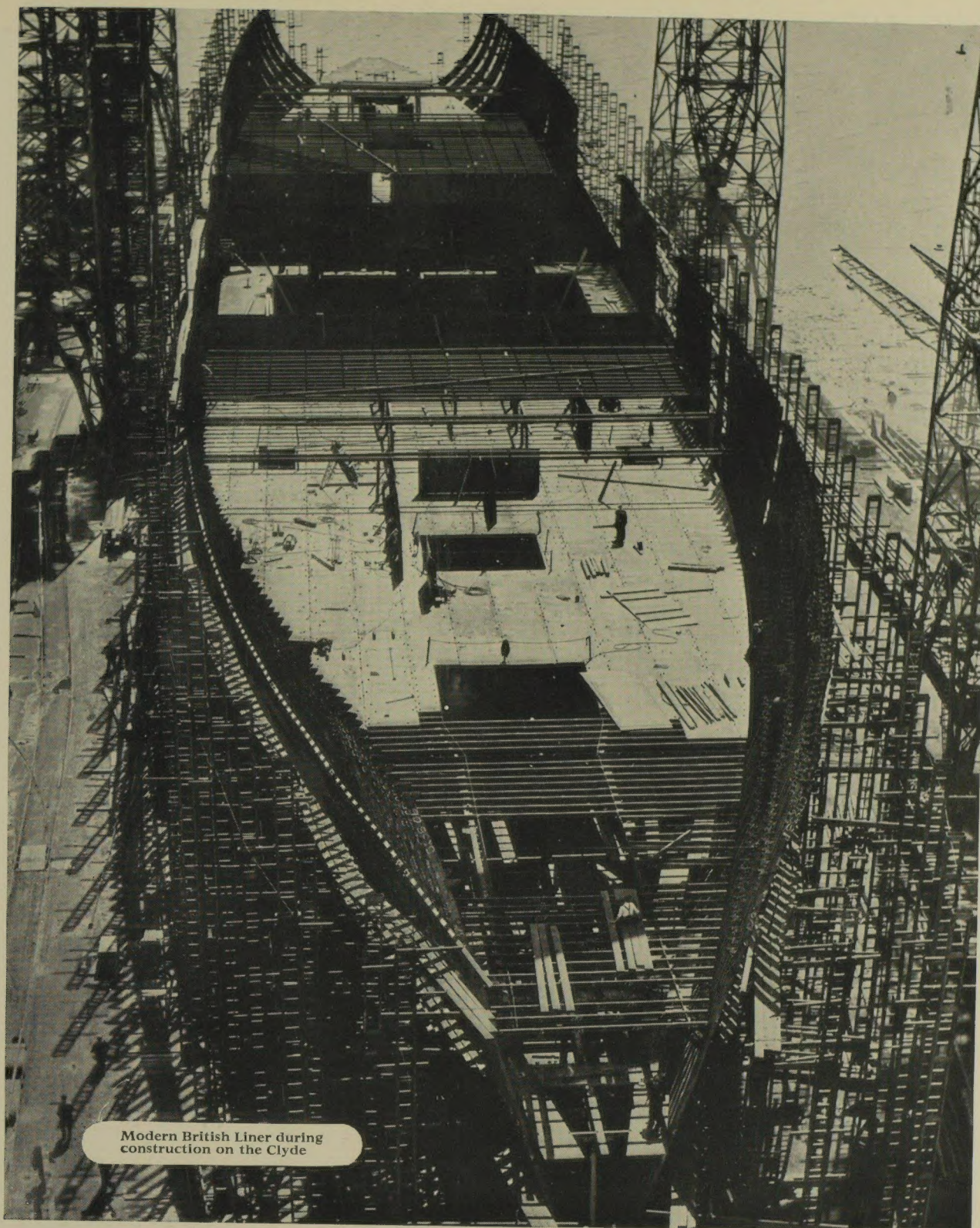
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